

**EXCLUSIVE:**

**How one man  
SWINDLED  
A PROVINCE**

# **MACLEAN'S**

JANUARY 7 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



# MORE "GO" AT ZERO

**fast, easy starting all winter...  
with extra engine protection for  
every car on the road!**



## for improved performance in all cars

—with extra winter protection for every engine—Mobiloil's the choice of car owners who know quality—and depend on Mobiloil for finer performance, longer engine life. You can count on 1956 formula Mobiloil to help you start quickly because of its high viscosity index... which means, too, that Mobiloil flows instantly to protect every vital part from the first turn of the starter. And Mobiloil has been improved to give doubled wear-fighting action—is extra-effective in combating the wear of winter driving. Mobiloil cleans your engine and keeps it clean longer. It's available in grades to protect every engine, under every weather and operating condition. Change to Mobiloil and enjoy fast, easy starting all winter long—with extra protection for your engine.



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— Mobiloil Special gives the man who wants the very finest, six big advantages:

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3. Best possible protection against wear in every kind of driving.
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6. More gasoline mileage.

For more than a year, thousands of Canadians have found these advantages mean more power, longer engine life, greater economy. Use Mobiloil Special all year 'round, except where temperatures consistently go lower than 15° below zero. Then use Mobiloil 5W.

**Products of  
MOBIL OIL  
OF CANADA  
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Makers of the  
"Mobiloil Family" of  
modern lubricants

SOLD BY IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED AND

OTHER LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

### EDITORIAL

## Our cheap but costly funerals

**O**UR EYE was caught last month by two adjacent news items that seemed to dovetail neatly. One quoted an eminent scientist who said that the time might easily come when medical advances would make it possible for human beings to live forever. The other reported the formation of the Toronto Memorial Society, aimed at ending "morbid, barbaric" funeral rites and at reducing "the high cost of dying."

With all respect to the eminent scientist, we hope his prophecy proves wrong. The advantages of living forever, we suspect, are almost wholly illusory. We personally are committed to nature's ancient and wise system of cycles in which the new continues to replace the old at regular intervals; we have no wish, really, to run on century after century like a stuck record or a play without a final act, repeating past follies and renewing stale triumphs to the boredom of ourselves and others.

No, there are many worse fates than death. And one of them is attending funerals. We applaud the Toronto Memorial Society in its efforts to replace barbarism and morbidity with dignity and simplicity. If there is one advantage in living forever it is that it would erase, in one stroke, those elements in our society that Evelyn Waugh satirized so harshly in *The Loved One*.

Ironically, however, it is the very people who want to live forever who are responsible for the modern funeral. For the whole purpose of this rite today is to make the earthly remains of the deceased look as alive—or at least as lifelike—as possible. We are prone to decry the heathenism of the ancient Egyptians who mummified four hundred million of their num-

ber and beggared their land building memorials to them. But we have long since out-Cheopsed the Egyptians. Death has become a hundred-million-dollar-a-year business in Canada. Unless we expire at sea or in the far north every man jack of us is almost certain to go through an undertaker's hands to be embalmed, rouged, powdered, coiffured, scented, dressed up (often in a tuxedo) and placed on display like a department-store dummy in a mahogany coffin with silver handles that is shortly to be destroyed by fire or worm rot.

At the turn of the century it cost about twenty-five dollars to die. Today the figure, including coffin, cemetery plot, tablet and service, is likely to be at least five hundred dollars. Part of this is undoubtedly due to the excellent salesmanship of the funeral directors. A few years ago an article in *Funeral Direction and Management*, the bible of the profession, told its readers that "your choice of words, before and after cremation, should encourage memorialization of the remains. Using proper phraseology not only helps the bereaved but creates the desire for a memorial."

But the undertakers—or the morticians, as they now prefer to be called—cannot be saddled with the ills of a society which, after all, they only cater to—and which, by all the evidence, has come to place more emphasis on the flesh than on the spirit. It is perhaps futile to plead for a return to the dignity of the plain pine casket and the clean white shroud, but until medical science gets around to providing us with the living death of a deathless life, that is exactly what we hope to see.

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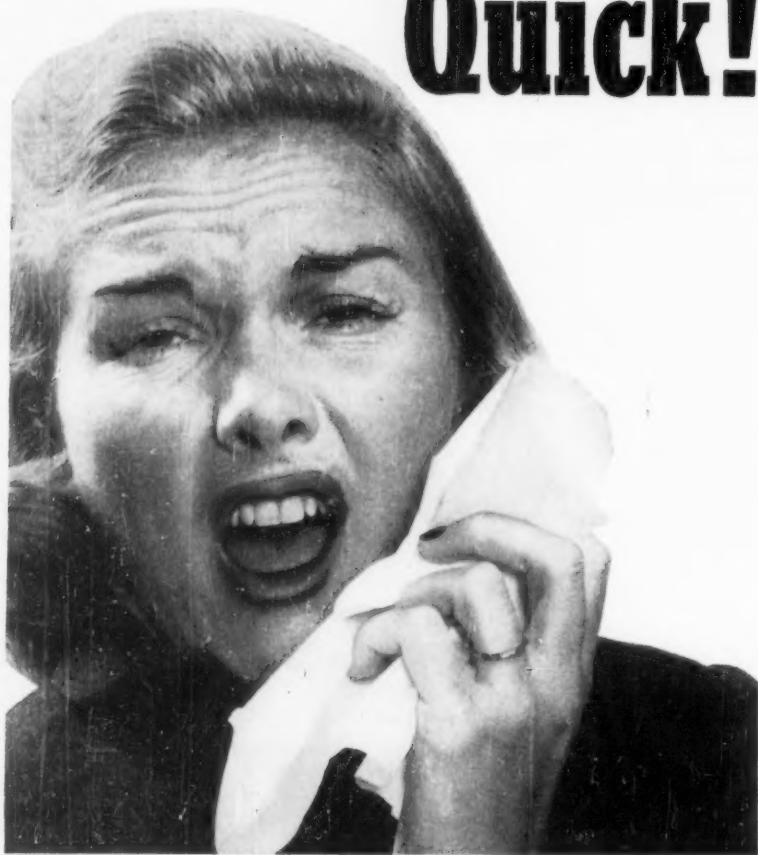
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No matter what else you do for a cold...

# LISTERINE Quick!



Don't take a chance. Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night.

Whatever else you do, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

#### Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel below.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion... helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

#### Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: that twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users. Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

#### AMONG THE "SECONDARY INVADERS" ARE GERMS OF THE PNEUMONIA AND "STREP" TYPES

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat—  
**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC-Quick!**

## LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



## Commercial TV comes to Britain

**I**F ANY of you are thinking of visiting these Islands of the Blessed in 1956 I must warn you not to be surprised should you see a man talking to himself or glaring at the skies. The chances are that he is connected with commercial television.

It is a strange story and perhaps we had better begin at the beginning.

You will remember that the British Broadcasting Corporation was originally set up as a state monopoly to supply a news service and various types of entertainment on the radio. There would be no competitors and therefore no choice of an alternative program. The only competition would be within the corporation itself.

Incidentally, the BBC was at its best when Lord Reith was the director-general and our Canadian-born friend, Gladstone Murray, was the chief director of programs. And it is not necessary to remind you that in the war against Hitler BBC news broadcasts were preceded by the da-da-da-dum opening notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which spelled out V in Morse code, and that letter came to mean "Victory." That signal heartened our friends, dismayed our enemies and helped to drive Hitler mad.

Now for a moment I want to go back to 1935 when I temporarily left Fleet Street and joined the Gaumont-British film organization. On the staff was a tall, handsome, dreamy-eyed Scot named Baird who had so little to do that he would drop in at my office just to while away the time.

He had invented something called television, but no one would supply the funds to bring it to perfection or to exploit it on the market. In other words, he was a crank, but a pleasant one. Then one day as we chatted together he had a bright idea.

Some industrial company was going to hold its annual meeting and Baird suggested to the chairman that he should make his speech to the shareholders at a distance of twenty miles. The chairman agreed and Baird invited me to attend the affair and see how his invention worked.

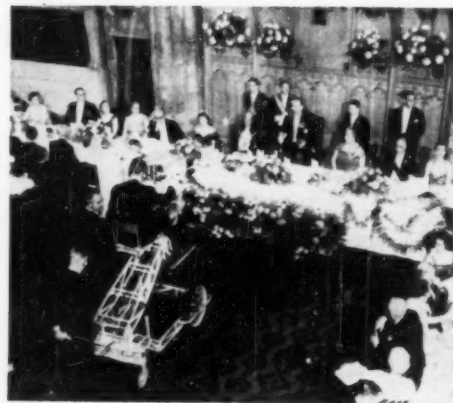
The meeting took place and suddenly the chairman appeared on the small screen of a television set. Both sound and sight were perfect and everybody agreed that it was all very interesting. And think of the number of company chairmen who would like to address their shareholders at a distance of twenty miles!

But nothing resulted from the experiment, and Baird died, probably of a broken heart and certainly penniless. He could not afford to protect his patents and his death was given only a paragraph in most of the newspapers. Now they are talking of making a film of his life. Irony could go no further.

Now we must come down to more

*Continued on page 39*

## Into a Scot's dream came toothpaste advertising



John L. Baird invented TV in 1926, but died unrecognized. This year England's commercial TV was launched with a London banquet.



## BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE At Ottawa



### What do civil rights mean in Quebec?

SOME judges of the Supreme Court of Canada are mildly annoyed at the report—technically correct but they think misleading—that they “refused” to rule on the validity of a Quebec law in a recent case involving Jehovah’s Witnesses. They say the law in question didn’t apply to the case, and the Supreme Court never rules on abstract and academic questions. Their lordships resent the implication that they evaded a hot constitutional issue. In their opinion no such issue arose.

What did arise was a rather frightening contrast in the official conceptions, inside and outside Quebec, of a citizen’s rights and a policeman’s privileges.

In this case three Quebec provincial constables had walked into a man’s home without a warrant, had broken up a peaceful and orderly meeting there, had seized a Bible and other books and papers, and had forcibly conveyed the guest of honor out of town.

To the Supreme Court of Canada this behavior was outrageous and wholly unjustified. All nine judges agreed that the constables should pay two thousand dollars damages to the man whose home they had violated. Three of the nine noted that the constables’ conduct was not only wrong but actually criminal—a breach of the Criminal Code for which they could have been put in jail.

To all authorities in the province of Quebec, from the humble sergeant who had dispatched the constables up to a unanimous appeal court, the case appeared quite otherwise. No

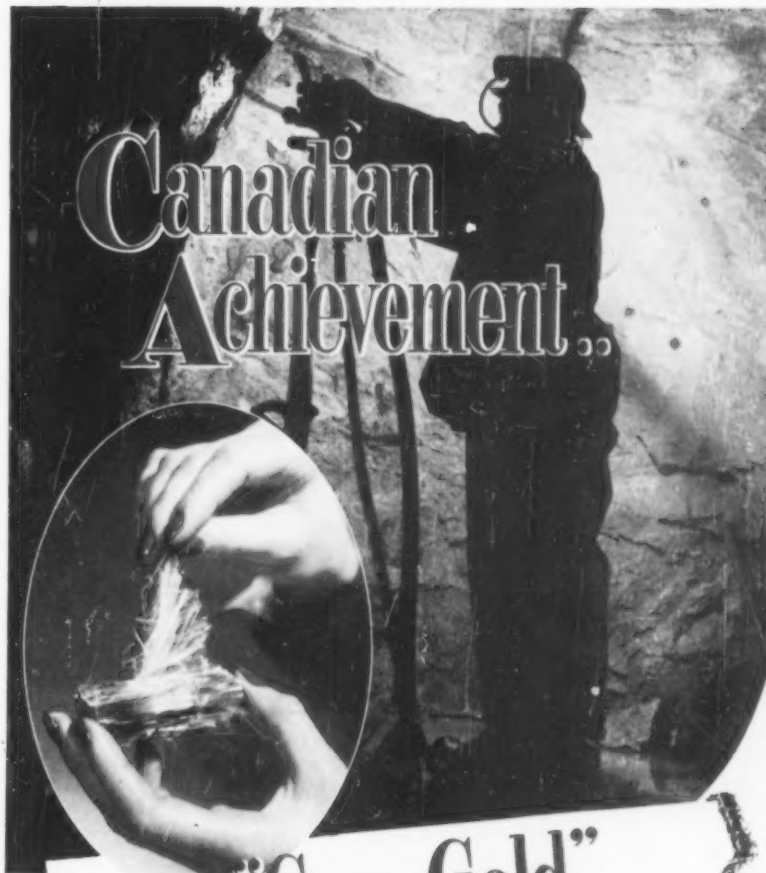
one seems to have doubted or challenged the basic assumption that the policemen had a right to go into a man’s home, seize his property and disperse his peaceable guests. It was for the plaintiff to prove that in acting thus, the constables had acted “in bad faith” and without “reasonable and probable cause.”

The constables argued and the Quebec courts unanimously agreed that since they were acting “in good faith” on orders of a superior officer, they were therefore protected from prosecution by the Quebec Magistrates Privilege Act. This law is not peculiar to Quebec. It is a pre-Confederation statute based on British law, and Ontario has a similar one. It confers certain limited protection on police officers who are sued for acts committed in the execution of their duty, and it is most commonly invoked in suits for false arrest.

Counsel for the plaintiff Witness of Jehovah did argue that this law was unconstitutional, but it is probably lucky for his client that the Supreme Court declined to entertain his argument. It doesn’t matter, the court said in effect, whether the law is valid or not, because it has no bearing on this case.

This was not a case of false arrest because nobody was arrested; no charge was ever laid, no offense alleged. If the constables had supposed that the guest preacher whom they ran out of town was committing some crime, they could have arrested him; if he had sued them for doing so they might have invoked the limited protections of

*Continued on page 46*



## “Grey Gold” of Quebec

Derived from a Greek word meaning unburnable, asbestos was regarded century after century only as a “freak” material — fibrous rock that was unaffected by intense heat.

Today, asbestos finds its way into 3,000 separate products and is perhaps one of the most strategic of all minerals. Without it, much of the equipment of our atomic and machine age would be impossible.

Canada produces some 70% of the world’s asbestos and the greatest single known source of this valuable mineral is Asbestos, Quebec. This mine alone accounts for one third of the world’s supply, of which Canada yields more than \$87,600,000 worth a year. Experts claim ore reserves here are sufficient to guarantee production for at least another century.

In 1954, 478,950 tons of fibre were turned out from this mine. A new 14 storey mill which will raise yearly production to 625,000 tons, is scheduled for completion next spring. Here is a Canadian Achievement of world-wide significance.

Wawanesa Mutual too is a notable Canadian Achievement... 59 years ago 20 farmers in the Wawanesa, Manitoba area formed a mutual insurance company... today Wawanesa protects the property of more Canadians than any other company.



The  
**Wawanesa**  
Mutual Insurance Company

*Flight-Styled...to send your spirits soaring!*



'56 PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE V-8 4-DOOR SEDAN

## *New 1956 PLYMOUTH with push-button driving*

At the touch of a button . . . this handsome new Plymouth wings you away to the most thrilling ride on the Canadian road.

That's push-button PowerFlite\* for you. The newest, safest, most simply controlled automatic transmission you've ever tried.

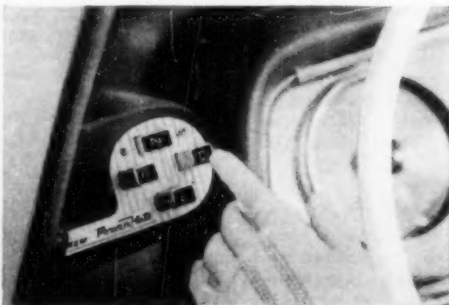
You'll find mile-melting power in this great new Plymouth, too. New Sixes with up to 128 h.p.; new V-8's with up to 187 h.p. have increased torque . . . for extra getaway snap, safer passing, extra hill-climbing go.

And more than ever, Plymouth *looks* the part of breathtaking performance. New Flight-Sweep lines create an exciting new look of action.

But don't just take our word for it. Come in and see . . . go out and test-drive the flight-styled new Plymouth.

### **NEW PUSH-BUTTON SELECTOR**

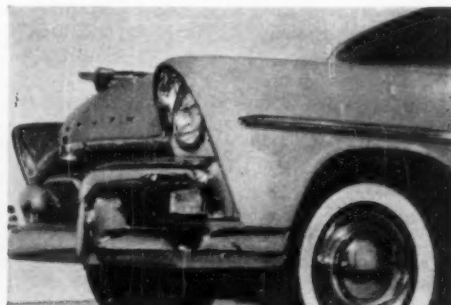
for PowerFlite automatic transmission is conveniently, safely placed to the left of the steering column. Plymouth is Canada's lowest-priced car with push-button drive selection.



*\*Optional at moderate extra cost.*

### **PLYMOUTH'S AIR-BORNE LOOK**

starts with the broad hood that slopes down gently to its forward-thrusting grille. Recessed headlights and wide, sweeping bumper are a thrilling study in speedlined grace.



MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

See the new Plymouth with the **FORWARD LOOK**  Now on display!



**MACLEAN'S**  
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Alfred Valdmanis reaches the end of the trail. He went to jail for taking payoffs for government contracts.

## How Valdmanis took Newfoundland to the cleaners

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

**When Premier Smallwood learned his trusted financial wizard had used his job to extort a fortune, he was aghast. How had he done it? Where was the money? Here, for the first time, are the facts**

**O**N THE afternoon of April 24, 1954, several hundred Newfoundlanders drove to Torbay Airport outside St. John's for a glimpse of Dr. Alfred Valdmanis as a scarlet-coated Mountie ushered him off a mainland plane and into a waiting police car.

The turnout was unusually large, but then, Dr. Valdmanis was an unusual celebrity. As the mastermind of Newfoundland's industrial renaissance, he had been, next to Premier Joseph Smallwood, the most powerful man in the province. Now—charged by his closest friend, the premier himself, with extorting “very large sums of money from various firms with whom he dealt in behalf of the Government of Newfoundland”—he could claim additional distinction as one of the most successful swindlers in Canadian criminal annals.

“The Doctor,” as everyone called him, had come to Newfoundland four years before. Premier Smallwood had hired him to lead the island's codfish economy down the bumpy road of industrialization. Valdmanis, a brilliant economist, had built three government-owned plants based on Newfoundland's natural resources. With the lure of government loans, he had brought in a dozen new industries. As head of the million-dollar crown development company, the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation, he had stimulated exploration by mining and lumbering companies. But all these accomplishments paled before the dexterity with which, in awarding construction contracts to two German machinery firms, he had managed to divert a hefty chunk of the contract money—\$470,000—into his personal *Continued on page 41*

#### SUBSIDIES FOR WRITERS

such as fellowships set up by Simon Guggenheim (below) helped Hugh MacLennan (R) and others to finish books.



# What's wrong with subsidies for

BY DR. LESLIE BELL

How can we expect to develop first-rate writers, musicians and painters, asks this well-known Canadian musician, when Ottawa — ready with subsidies for everything from football and love-making to comic books — does so little to help the arts and those who struggle to create them?

**A**CROSS Canada today, writers, painters, musicians and other artists are waiting anxiously for the much-delayed announcement that the federal government is finally ready to give some definite help to Canadian art and to those who create it. It has been a long wait.

What does government help to the artist mean? What principles does it involve? Is it a mere handout to a small and impecunious group of people who are too lazy or incompetent to earn a livelihood by their own unaided efforts? Or is it an essential ingredient in our common growth as a thinking, feeling, articulate nation?

The men and women who have pounded Ottawa's door for so many years have definite ideas. They want money for the talented Canadian composers, writers and playwrights whose creative efforts are



#### SUBSIDIES FOR BALLET

pump new life into the dance. John David Eaton's company helped the National Ballet of Canada (R) stage a new opera.





#### SUBSIDIES FOR THEATRE

aid projects like the Stratford Festival (L.), given \$40,000 by foundation created by John D. Rockefeller (below).



## the arts?

being stifled through lack of funds. They want money for the many voluntary cultural organizations that are working on a shoestring. They believe that every Canadian from Corner Brook to Prince Rupert has the right to enjoy good music, art and drama and that the government should take a part in bringing these things to him. They want to see Canada's cultural activities properly organized here at home through government departments and effectively publicized abroad.

Not all Canadian artists favor state subsidies. Those who do, deny that they are making special pleas for minority interests. They believe that what they want is essential to the welfare of the whole nation and everyone in it. They believe that a country like Canada, preoccupied with material prosperity to the exclusion of cultural growth, can

never become truly great. They see in cultural friendship and interchange between nations a solution to the fears and suspicions that plague the world today. They point out that while in almost every other important country the government has shown its awareness of these truths by taking action on behalf of the arts, Ottawa has done virtually nothing.

In his fight for government help and subsidy, the Canadian artist has few allies. Many politicians have expressed their keenest concern for the cause of culture in Canada but few have expressed a desire to give it any practical assistance. The federal government's hesitation to implement the Massey Report's recommendations for state aid to artists is apparently the result of fear. Fear that the blessings bestowed on any one quarter will bring charges of favoritism from another, fear of regional opposition from such autonomy-minded provinces as Quebec and fear that the Canadian taxpayer just won't agree to subsidizing artists from public funds.

Then, too, those who favor subsidies have to reckon with outright hostility on the part of many people who believe that patronage is essentially bad—that it debases the artist and inevitably leads

to bureaucratic control. A number of artists hold this view.

My own belief—I speak as a practicing musician and a writer—is that the Canadian artist is basically justified in seeking government aid even though some of his suggestions for working it out are a bit visionary. I believe that most of the politicians' fears are groundless.

On October 5 the results of a Gallup poll were published. A cross section of the Canadian public had been asked whether it believed government money should be spent on symphony orchestras, art galleries and the like. Of all the people questioned, forty-three percent were for them, forty percent were opposed and the remaining seventeen percent had either qualified views or no views at all on the subject. It was striking that in Quebec, the one Canadian province with an established artistic culture, forty-nine percent of the people interviewed favored subsidies for the arts—a higher proportion than in any other province. The forty percent of Canadians as a whole opposed to subsidies appeared indifferent to the plight of the artists, and many claimed that "those interested in this sort of thing should pay for it themselves."

That phrase—"this

*Continued on page 22*



#### SUBSIDIES FOR PAINTERS

abroad are one of Ottawa's few—far too few, the author says—aid to art. Charles Comfort (L.) studies in Holland.



MAN-MADE SNOW is brewed in the lab by Weather Engineering's Paul Denison (left) and Bernard Power who "milk" cloud vapor with chemical.

## They're selling packaged weather

Two Montreal scientists  
pinpoint heat waves  
for soda-pop salesmen,  
blizzards for overshoe makers  
and sunshine for weddings—  
three months ahead.  
They even summon cloudbursts  
to quench forest fires

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

This machine makes rain. Power and Denison, who have 93, adjust it for test.



BY PETER C. NEWMAN

AMID the chatter of teletypes in a converted attic on Montreal's drowsy Crescent Street two young scientists, Paul Denison and Bernard Power, have set up a business that deals exclusively in the most bewildering of all commodities—the weather.

Contractors, fuel distributors, beverage bottlers, manufacturers of galoshes and other businessmen whose operations are affected by climatic conditions pay them stiff fees to forecast Canada's weather three months in advance. They claim eighty percent of their predictions come true. They've even been hired by wealthy men whose daughters were planning outdoor weddings and in most cases have managed to pick sunny days, although they admit they are trading in probabilities and may sometimes have been just lucky.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 7, 1956

Denison and Power, former federal government meteorologists, quit their jobs a year ago to establish the Weather Engineering Corp. of Canada, this country's first private weather consultants. They sell rain as well as information and would like to sell snow if there were any takers. Last summer companies such as Abitibi Power and Paper, Quebec North Shore Paper, Spruce Falls Power and Paper, Canadian International Paper and Gatineau Paper paid them a total of fifty thousand dollars to tickle rain out of the reluctant clouds by "seeding" silver iodide fumes into the clouds from portable ground furnaces. The showers cut forest-fire losses and raised water levels for log running and power generation.

But Denison and Power explain that they can't turn on rain like water from a tap.

Nature must first provide moisture-filled clouds, and the temperature of the clouds has to be low. "We can only pull the trigger," says Denison, "when the gun is loaded." Weather Engineering offers no drought cure. Whatever clouds accompany arid weather are too feeble to respond to silver iodide.

While Denison and Power weren't asked to try to douse the widespread forest fires in northern Ontario last summer, they say they probably couldn't have helped anyway because cloud conditions weren't right. In Quebec the clouds held more moisture. In mid-July, for example, a forest fire out of control along a ten-mile front in the wild North Shore Paper Co. bushland, southwest of Seven Islands, was rapidly sweeping toward the little St. Lawrence settlement of Shelter Bay.

Denison and Power flew in twenty-three of their silver-iodide generators. On the morning of July 22, a few weak storm clouds drifted over the blaze but produced no rainfall. At noon Denison ordered his fire boxes lit. By five o'clock 1.3 inches of rain had fallen on the blazing timber—enough to dampen down the smoke and enable forest rangers to close in on the flames. The showers quenched the fire just in time to save Shelter Bay. The community was already partly evacuated and flames had reached some of its outlying buildings. Said H. A. Sewell, Quebec North Shore's general manager of woodlands, "We have seen enough of the work of Power and Denison to know that we want more."

On October 7, twelve thousand crackling-dry square miles

*Continued on page 33*

## THE COLDEST, SNOWIEST JANUARY DAYS AHEAD FOR YOUR CITY

Denison and Power compiled this forecast in early November. Save this chart and see how they make out

CITY	Three coldest days in January	Temperature (°F)	Three days in January with heaviest snowfall	Snowfall (inches)
VICTORIA	23rd-24th-25th	+18° to +23°	9th 21st-22nd	1 to 3 2 to 4
VANCOUVER	23rd-24th-25th	+12° to +17°	9th 21st-22nd	2 to 4 3 to 5
CALGARY	11th 22nd-23rd	-5° to -10° -18° to -23°	9th-10th 21st	5 to 9 1 to 3
EDMONTON	11th 22nd-23rd	-8° to -13° -21° to -26°	9th-10th 21st	5 to 9 2 to 4
WHITEHORSE	10th 21st-22nd	-25° to -30° -35° to -40°	8th-9th 20th	5 to 9 1 to 3
LETHBRIDGE	11th 22nd-23rd	-2° to -7° -16° to -21°	9th-10th 21st	3 to 5 1 to 3
REGINA	11th 22nd-23rd	-24° to -29° -29° to -34°	9th-10th 21st	4 to 8 1 to 3
SASKATOON	11th 22nd-23rd	-25° to -30° -25° to -30°	9th-10th 21st	2 to 4 1 to 2
WINNIPEG	11th 22nd-23rd	-25° to -30° -37° to -42°	9th-10th 21st	2 to 4 1 to 2
FORT WILLIAM	11th 22nd-23rd	-18° to -23° -25° to -30°	9th-10th 21st	8 to 12 3 to 5
SUDBURY	11th-12th-13th	-29° to -34°	18th-19th 24th	10 to 14 5 to 8
TORONTO	11th-12th-13th	0° to -5°	18th-19th 24th	8 to 12 3 to 5
WINDSOR	11th-12th-13th	+3° to -2°	18th-19th 24th	7 to 11 2 to 4
OTTAWA	11th-12th-13th	-19° to -24°	18th-19th 24th	10 to 14 5 to 8
MONTREAL	11th-12th-13th	-10° to -15°	18th-19th 24th	10 to 14 5 to 8
QUEBEC CITY	11th-12th-13th	-17° to -22°	18th-19th 24th	12 to 16 7 to 10
FREDERICTON	12th-13th-14th	-19° to -24°	19th-20th 25th	13 to 17 5 to 8
SAINT JOHN, N.B.	12th-13th-14th	-7° to -12°	19th-20th 25th	7 to 10 4 to 7
HALIFAX	12th-13th-14th	+3° to -2°	19th-20th 25th	5 to 9 4 to 7
SYDNEY	12th-13th-14th	+2° to -3°	19th-20th 25th	10 to 14 4 to 7
CHARLOTTETOWN	12th-13th-14th	-5° to -10°	19th-20th 25th	14 to 18 6 to 9
ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.	12th-13th-14th	+5° to 0°	19th-20th 25th	14 to 18 6 to 9



Bruce Hutchison rediscovers

THE  
UNKNOWN  
COUNTRY

III NEW BRUNSWICK

PHOTO BY RONNY JAUQUES

*"Imagine what would happen  
in any other  
English-speaking province  
if it learned  
that it must soon face  
a French-speaking majority.  
This transformation is  
under way in New Brunswick  
without a ripple."*

*"The Acadian culture returned, survived, grew on its own roots. It belongs solely to New Brunswick..."*

ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1758, Col. James Murray faithfully carried out the orders of General Wolfe by driving the last Acadians from the Miramichi Valley—or so he thought.

"I am persuaded," he wrote to his commander, "that there is not now a French Man in the River Miramichi and it will be our fault if they are ever allowed to settle there again."

The future province of New Brunswick was to be British forever, the most British colony of the empire.

Near the Miramichi's gaping mouth and the

town of Newcastle there stands today a massive house built by some forgotten sea captain. I wished that Murray could have lunched with me in that house and learned from its owner the total failure of his mission. He would have discovered, among other things, that the Acadians, surviving every attempt to dislodge them, will soon turn New Brunswick into Canada's second predominantly French province.

My host, a jolly soul, as crimson and salty as his broiled lobsters, came from an old British family. Bracing myself for an explosion of

Loyalist anger, I finally ventured to ask him how he would enjoy living as a member of an English-speaking minority. He was not angry at that prospect, not even alarmed.

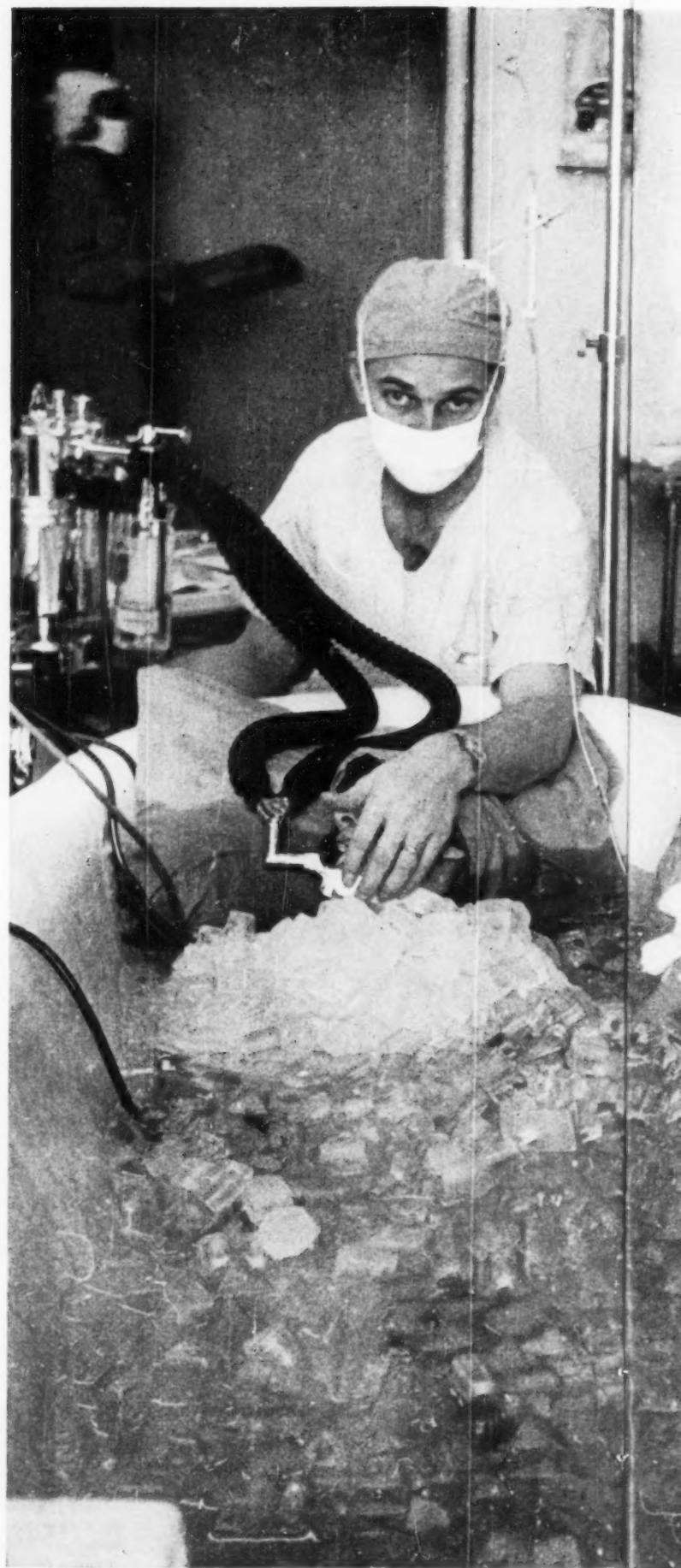
The ethnic shift, he said, was natural, inevitable and, so far as he was concerned, entirely agreeable. As a businessman he had found reliable associates among the French Canadians, and good friends, with much to teach their neighbors of British stock. In another generation, he hoped, both races would be bilingual and still more friendly.

*Continued on page 28*

# They're freezing people to life

By imitating hibernation  
doctors are performing "impossible"  
operations and saving  
accident victims, feeble babies and  
dying old folk.

What makes all this possible  
is the newest  
miracle medicine: cold



Chilling aids surgery by slowing body processes. Some doctors believe

atta



## BY SIDNEY KATZ AND RON KENYON

**E**ARL TERREBERRY, who farms near Port Colborne, Ont., produces what is probably the most unusual crop in Canada. Terreberry raises ground hogs, brown furry animals about the size of cats, with beady eyes and rat-like teeth. He sells his entire output—about four hundred each year—to University of Toronto scientists. For four years now, the scientists have been diligently examining every cell in the ground hog's body, seeking the secret of hibernation.

Hibernation is the ability of a living organism to slow its bodily processes almost to a halt. It is akin to suspended animation. During the winter the ground hog curls up in his burrow and transforms himself into a furry ball of inertia. His body temperature goes down almost to freezing point, his heartbeat, pulse and breathing are barely perceptible; his oxygen consumption is negligible. How does the ground hog do it? Nobody knows. One theory is that his ability to hibernate is derived from a bodily secretion. If true, and if this substance can be found and reproduced in the laboratory, it is possible that injections of it might give human beings the ground hog's powers of hibernation.

If this could be done a fantastic new era of medical miracles would begin. Hazardous surgery of heart, blood vessels, brain, liver, lungs and kidney would become relatively safe. Drastic surgery, now regarded as too dangerous to attempt, would become commonplace. Possibly the greatest beneficiaries would be old people and people with organic defects who must now forgo life-saving surgery because of their poor physical condition.

These benefits can be predicted with considerable confidence because since 1951 surgeons have been using the principle of hibernation in a wide variety of operations. The techniques they have evolved for slowing down the bodily processes are less effective than the ground hog's but even so the results have been impressive. These techniques are popularly labeled "deep freeze" but the correct medical term is hypothermia, which simply means "very low temperature." Using various methods of refrigeration, surgeons have cooled patients down from a normal 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit to 80 degrees.

Most people would die at 75 degrees. At 80 degrees a person lives in slow motion. The rates of heartbeat and breathing are cut in half; his oxygen needs are only one fifth of normal. Thus it has been possible to perform surgery on the heart and blood vessels by cutting off the blood circulation entirely for as long as fifteen minutes. Ordinarily, the brain cells would begin to die if the

brain were deprived of fresh oxygen-carrying blood for as little as three minutes. Because of this danger heart surgery has rarely been attempted in the past. When it was undertaken, as a last hope, the surgeon had to fumble hurriedly through the operation in a few minutes, guided only by the feel of the heart palpitations because his vision was obscured by blood. With the new technique, it is possible to work with greater care on heart valves, the inner walls of the heart and the veins and arteries outside the heart.

Some of the results have been spectacular. On July 23, 1953, Dr. Wilfred Gordon Bigelow, a research surgeon of the University of Toronto, used hypothermia on a human being for the first time in Canada. Bigelow and his associates did a good deal of the early experimental study in hypothermia, working with many animals. The first patient on whom he used hypothermia was Mrs. Doris Sleeman, a forty-three-year-old Vancouver housewife who had to be brought to Toronto on a stretcher. She was suffering with mitral stenosis—a narrowing of the heart valves. For fourteen years she had been a helpless invalid, hovering between life and death. By cooling her body down to 86 degrees Fahrenheit, Bigelow and his associates were able to operate on her valve defect. They did it in seven minutes. Mrs. Sleeman later went home to resume a normal life. "I came back from the dead," she says of her recovery.

### It saves when shock would kill

But surgery of the heart and blood vessels is only one area where hypothermia has been a boon. It has saved the lives of people in danger of dying from shock incurred by major surgery or serious accidents. A case in point is the seventy-six-year-old woman who was admitted to London's Charing Cross Hospital. She urgently required an operation to remove a malignant tumor that was spreading from her pelvis to her intestines. She had already had two serious operations for cancer during the previous year. Only a few hours after being admitted to hospital she suffered a heart attack. Her life was hanging by a thread. Surgery could not have been attempted with conventional anesthetics. But with hypothermia, the operation was performed as planned. She survived.

How hypothermia enabled a weakened and wasted old woman to go on living requires some understanding of how shock leads to death. When a person is

*Continued on page 25*

attainment of true hibernation would revolutionize medicine.



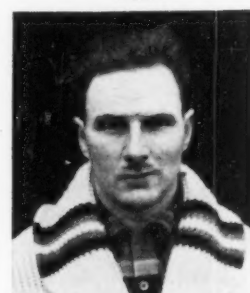
**THEY'RE COOL:** While Regina fans shout hysterically, Lloyd (left) and Don calmly signal brother Garnet's winning shot against Manitoba in the 1955 dominion championships. One year the family won eight cars curling.



LLOYD



GLEN



DON



GARNET

# Nobody can curl like the Campbells

BY ROBERT COLLINS

**Sandy Campbell thought it was a darn-fool game until he played it. His five boys took it up too. Then this curling-crazy family from tiny Avonlea, Sask., went out and licked the best in Canada.**

**B**Y FOUR o'clock on the afternoon of March 23, 1955, the Saskatchewan legislative assembly in Regina was playing to a capacity house. Five hundred spectators—about five times a normal day's attendance—peered from the public galleries or stood in line beyond the bar of the chamber. Three hundred more waited outside. Flash bulbs blinked. Television cameras whirled. Scarlet-coated Mounties stood straight-backed at the entrance.

Unhappily for the MLAs, the crowd wasn't there to see them. It had come to watch the legislature honor a group of private citizens on its floor for the first time in Saskatchewan history. And, strangely, these were not the usual guests of honor: no states-

men, war heroes or wealthy industrialists. They were four Saskatchewan farmers who had recently demonstrated that they could heave a forty-two-pound granite curling rock down a sheet of ice toward a twelve-inch target better than any other four men in Canada.

The ceremony began with all the pomp and eloquence the legislature could muster. Walter Erb, CCF member for Milestone (the guests' constituency), announced the arrival of "six distinguished residents of Saskatchewan who have brought great honor to this province." Tom Johnston, the Speaker, asked permission of the assembly to "bid the distinguished guests to enter." Premier Tommy Douglas moved proceedings be suspended "in order that the assembly may greet and do honor to its distinguished guests."

"Mr. Speaker," said Walter Erb solemnly, "I have the honor to present to you and, through you, to the assembly, Messrs. Lloyd, Glen, Don and Garnet Campbell, brothers, of Avonlea, Saskatchewan, winners of the Macdonald's Brier Tankard . . . here every eye turned to a tall silver trophy on the clerk's table . . . emblematic of the curling championship of Canada and, indeed, of the world; and their proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Campbell."

"Let the bar of the house be raised that our honored guests may enter and take the seats provided for them," said Mr. Speaker.

With that the distinguished guests—four bashful good-looking brothers and their parents—filed in and nervously took seats. Mr. Speaker shook their hands. A small girl gave Mrs. Campbell an armful of red carnations. Each brother received a five-piece silver tea service from the province.

The leader of the opposition spoke at length of "the great honor you have brought us." Premier Douglas spoke at length of their "demonstration of good sportsmanship, clean living and fine upstanding manhood." Slender, boyish-looking Garnet Campbell politely thanked the province in precisely forty-six words which press-gallery wags said was the longest speech of his life—and the shortest ever heard in the legislature. Later eight hundred guests and MLAs thronged into the legislative library to meet the curlers over tea.

To appreciate this remarkable case of mass hero worship one must first understand what the Campbells did for Saskatchewan. They gave the perennial hard-luck province a winner, after fifty years of bad jokes about Saskatchewan weather, roads, dust storms, grasshoppers and runner-up football teams. They did it in jubilee year. They did it at the game Saskatchewan knows best. Curling is to Saskatchewan what baseball is to Brooklyn. The Brier—an interprovincial playoff sponsored by the Macdonald Tobacco Company—might be called the World Series of curling.

It was Saskatchewan's first Brier win in twenty-six tries and the Campbells' first win in three tries. It came after a series of hair-raising playoff games that brought spectators screaming to their feet and broke all Brier attendance records. And, finally, it was not only the triumph of Saskatchewan over the world; it was the triumph of village over city. To agricultural Saskatchewan, a province of five hundred small towns and villages, the victory couldn't have been sweeter.

Curling is one of Canada's favorite participant sports—about a quarter million Canadians play the game, including women and children—and almost anyone can afford it. A club membership may cost as little as ten dollars a season, although it usually comes higher in large cities. For equipment you need only a broom, a pair of rubbers and warm clothing. But, if the rest of Canada sometimes gets enthusiastic about the game, Saskatchewan is plain crazy about it.

The province has 536 clubs with 21,500 members, as compared to Manitoba's 316 clubs and 15,000 members and Ontario's 180 clubs and 17,000 members. There are also 3,500 registered women curlers in Saskatchewan, about 7,000 high-school players and about 20,000 who curl occasionally.



**THEY'RE QUIET:** The Campbells would rather curl than talk about it. Behind table loaded with prizes Garnet makes a 46-word speech of thanks for the family in Saskatchewan legislature.

The game is a top favorite in this small-town province because curling is part of a small town's social life. The curling rink is where everyone goes nearly every night, not merely to curl but to criticize his neighbor's curling, swap gossip, sip coffee and flirt with the girls.

Such is the case in Avonlea, a village of three hundred and fifteen people in the sparse scrub timber and level wheatland fifty miles southwest of Regina; a village of neat frame houses sprinkled with TV aerials, a two-block business section facing the stucco CNR station, and streets that are by turns muddy, rough and dusty. The most imposing building in town is the twinkling roll-top aluminum-sheathed curling rink that catches the eye from miles away. Here sixteen four-man teams play a regular winter schedule, many more villagers participate in bonspiels or casual matches and the rest of the town comes to watch. Local motorists have adopted the license-plate slogan: "Avonlea—The Home Of Better Curlers."

But even in curling-happy Avonlea the Campbells are unique. Besides the four Brier winners a fifth brother, Gordon, curls. So do two married sisters, Margaret and Verna (who no longer live in Avonlea). Mrs. Campbell attends all her sons' important games. The father, A. N. "Sandy" Campbell, curls too; in fact, he started it all.

When Sandy Campbell went west from Buckingham, Que., around the turn of the century he'd never touched a curling rock. After working on a CPR road gang he went farming fifty miles southwest of Regina in 1906. The nearest town was Rouleau, fourteen miles north. Sometimes he went there to play hockey or scoff at the curlers.

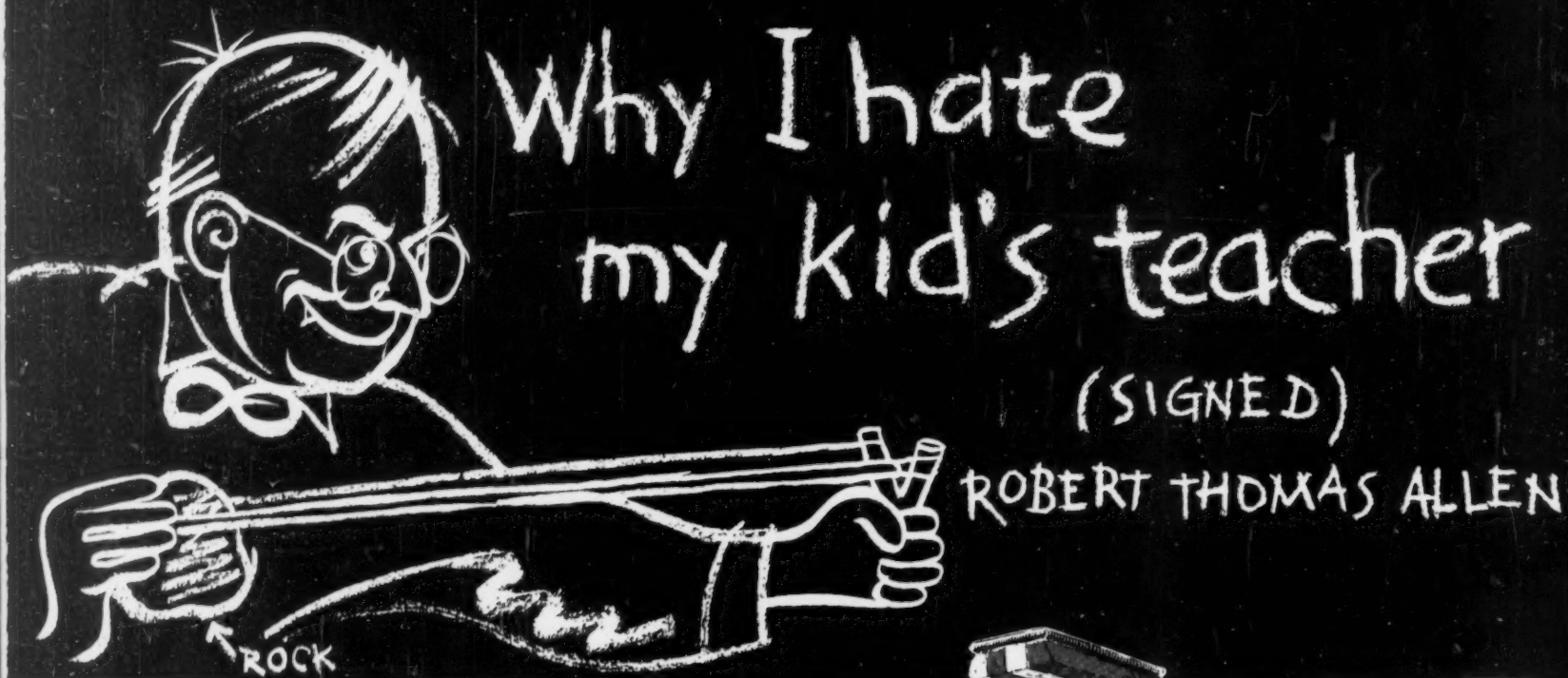
"Bunch of old men tossing rocks and hollering their heads off," Campbell remembers. "I thought they were half crazy."

Then Avonlea went up along the railroad, two and a half miles from Sandy's homestead, and in 1924 curling came to Avonlea. Campbell tried it and was soon tossing

*Continued on page 36*



**THEY'RE CLANNISH:** Five brothers and their father, Sandy, all farm land near Avonlea, Sask. Here Don (left), Glen, grandson Doug and Garnet swap curling gossip in their parents' kitchen.



To the youngsters  
teacher's a riot, but to Bob  
he's out to drive  
parents nuts, with messy  
class projects that  
shatter a kid's faith in  
the finer things  
—like playing hooky

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

I USED to draw insulting pictures of the teacher when I was a boy. I still do, only now it's my kid's teacher, a big gangling six-foot farmer's son named Wire, from a place called Appleton. Instead of drawing them on the blackboard, I draw them on place mats and cardboard coasters. I pretend I'm throwing spitballs at him and putting thumbtacks on his chair. He sits in the schoolroom doing the same thing to me and dreaming up things to drive me nuts.

One favorite trick of his is to wait till my kid wears a new dress to school, then think up what he calls a "project." This consists of making little model farms, with cows and everything, with a mixture he makes himself out of melted crayons, chalk, berry juice and mucilage. My kid comes in the door stained from head to foot and says casually:

"Mr. Wire gave us a project today."

My wife takes one look at her, turns to me and tells me that I can fork over five dollars for a new dress. She knows from experience that this stuff Wire whips up is a permanent dye that digs in like a tattoo. My wife has tried everything on it, including nail-polish remover, and it won't move. I've seen six mothers all come out onto their porches after one of these projects, holding up frocks to one another, then all turn like pioneer mothers gazing toward Pawnee country and look toward the school, where Wire is sitting dreaming up the next day's project.

"We're going to make colored birds out of pieces of soap tomorrow," my kid says happily. "Mr. Wire says to ask you for some fountain-pen ink, cocoa, a can of number twenty motor oil and your electric razor."

All the time I'm being asked by editorials to sympathize with the poor underpaid teacher, I picture this guy sitting at his desk, while his class scratches away busily, dozing over some book like *Adventures in*

Punctuation and thinking up new ways to irritate me. Sometimes he does it with casual little remarks.

My kid won't believe anything I tell her, but Wire could tell her that the sun was four inches wide and made out of old light bulbs and she'd include it among the facts of nature. I don't mind it when he sticks to remarks about school work, but sometimes he evidently just says anything that comes into his head. The last thing he told my



I send my kid to school with a new dress, so what happens? This teacher sets the class to making things with melted crayons and mucilage.



kid was that little girls should never sleep in after six in the morning as it was bad for their spines. The result was that my youngster was up at about five-thirty, getting in my way while I tried to make my breakfast and asking me things like how you go about getting pregnant, before I'd even had my coffee.

One time he arranged for me to take charge of six kids at a school outing to a pioneer museum in a town twenty miles away, then

made me responsible for my group turning in a report, with the result that before the day was over I was walking on my ankles, trying to get the answers to: (a) name eight instruments used by blacksmiths; (b) how did the early Virginians deliver mail; (c) draw a diagram of the museum; (d) name six countries where you find owls. That night the outing was followed by a school concert and I saw Wire sitting behind a fat, scowling little boy who was blowing a trumpet, grinning at me and eating my wife's fudge.

My kid thinks everything Wire says is funny. His humor is relayed to me at the supper table. It leaves me helping myself to more creamed peas, but the kids think he's a riot.

"Gee, Mr. Wire was funny today," my kid says. "He's the craziest man. Today he said—" her voice goes taut and wavers with mirth. "He said, 'I'm thirsty,' and went to the fountain and had a drink of water. Honest, the whole class nearly

rolled on the floor."

I wait to hear what Wire said when he lifted his head from the fountain. Maybe he let the water drip from his chin, pretended he was a buffalo surprised at a water hole and stomped up and down the aisles. But my kid just starts helping herself to more potatoes. Evidently the joke is over. What Wire did that put the kids in the aisles was to say he was thirsty. He must get his gags out of a seed catalogue, but he panics the kids.

The maddening part of all this is that my kid dotes on this yokel Wire and thinks I'm a bum, and Wire knows it. One sunny morning last spring I came downstairs feeling especially good, tossed off my tomato juice and said to my kid, "Well, waddaya say we play hooky today?"

"Play what?" she asked.

"Play hooky," I said. "We can smoke stink worts and spear frogs."

She looked at her mother and back to me as if I'd gone nuts. "What's it mean?" she said.

"What's it mean?" I yelled. I turned to my wife. "Look, f'r—what are they teaching kids today when they don't even know what playing hooky means?" I turned back to my kid, "It means staying away from school."

My kid was getting more and more baffled. "Why should I stay away from school?"

I was beginning to feel irresponsible, an unfit father for a well-adjusted child and a bit like an old juvenile delinquent.

"You mean you don't want to stay away from school?" I said.

"Why should I stay away from school? Today we have a movie, play tennis, correct our teacher's mistakes, have phiz ed, home ec, group co-operation, square dancing, play basketball and write a report for Mr. Wire on all the things we don't like about parents."

I began to feel exactly the way I used to when I was on my way to the principal's office, peered at by clean, neat little girls in middies who took a couple of steps sideways to let me pass. In fact I began to feel mal-adjusted, and I give Wire fair warning he'd better not invite me to any parents' nights this year or it's going to end up with me having a temper tantrum and going around rubbing things off his blackboard and upsetting a few paper baskets. ★



CLYDE GILMOUR

PICKS THE BEST



AND WORST



# Movies of 1955

HOLLYWOOD IS STILL spending far too much time and money tinkering with big-screen gadgetry as it enters 1956. No end is yet in sight for the technological upheaval that began in 1952 with 3-D and gained impetus with CinemaScope in 1953. Like book publishers worrying more about type sizes and dust jackets than about the words printed between the covers, some of the studio chiefs still appear to be under the impression that a story not worth filming at all by old-fashioned methods will somehow glow with magic on a wide wrap-around screen. Other and worthier stories are often being weakened, rather



THESE WERE THE 10 BEST ►

**MARTY:** starring Ernest Borgnine, with Esther Minciotti (left).

**1** "If I were giving out the Oscars, no fewer than five would go to this honest, sad, funny and warming comedy-drama about a romance in the Bronx between a homely butcher and a timid spinster." ...



**TRIAL**

**5** "Anti-communism has never been expounded more potently by Hollywood. A well-told story."



**GUYS AND DOLLS**

**6** "The year's top musical, too long but generously crammed with Runyon mirth and mellowness."



**THE SHEEP HAS 5 LEGS**

**7** "Fernandel has a field day playing a father and his sons in this roguish French comedy."

## THESE WERE THE 10 WORST

than strengthened, by big-budget elephantiasis of the imagination.

In spite of all this, there is plenty of reason for robust and clear-eyed optimism about the future of the motion-picture industry. In Canada neighborhood and subsequent-run movie houses have lost—only temporarily, they hope—a lot of regular customers to television, but outstandingly good double bills are still flourishing at the box office. Downtown, the larger first-run theatres usually fare poorly with third-rate attractions but have been packing 'em in with superior productions, sometimes for extended runs of a month or longer.

Best of all, 1955 brought *Marty*—a low-budget, ordinary-screen, black-and-white movie about two non-glamorous city dwellers (Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair) who fall in love at a dance hall and discover in each other the understanding and tenderness normally reserved for gorgeous girls and handsome heroes in screen romances. The emergence of this humane and perceptive film and its vast public acceptance during a year of continuing wide-screen frenzy has given a healthy indication that both the industry and the public can still respond to the better things.

*Marty* won the *Grand Prix* at the 1955 Cannes Film Festival in France—a highbrow distinction that occasionally has been the kiss of death to a picture competing in the popular market place. Almost everybody seemed to like *Marty*, though, except that some of us complained mildly about one or two contrived touches in author Paddy Chayefsky's otherwise marvelously faithful dialogue. Months after North Americans in droves acclaimed the production at the ticket windows, Britons were doing the same. Gavin Lambert, one of the best and toughest of the London critics, saluted it as an "intimate and unusually

attractive film . . . something rare in the American cinema today: a subtle, ironic and compassionate study of ordinary human relationships."

Two films from Britain (*The Dam Busters*, *The Divided Heart*), one from France (*The Sheep Has 5 Legs*) and one from Sweden (*The Great Adventure*) are included in my personal-choice list of the Ten Best Movies of 1955. The other five are from Hollywood.

Canada's National Film Board and several commercial producers continued to make some of



### ESCAPE TO BURMA

"A corny jungle epic, involving Robert Ryan and Barbara Stanwyck, who has a way with elephants."

2. THE PRODIGAL
3. TWIST OF FATE
4. ARTISTS AND MODELS
5. BRING YOUR SMILE ALONG
6. GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES
7. SINCERELY YOURS
8. KISS OF FIRE
9. THE FAR COUNTRY
10. PEARL OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

### These scored individual zeros

#### WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR:

Liberace in *Sincerely Yours*.

#### WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS:

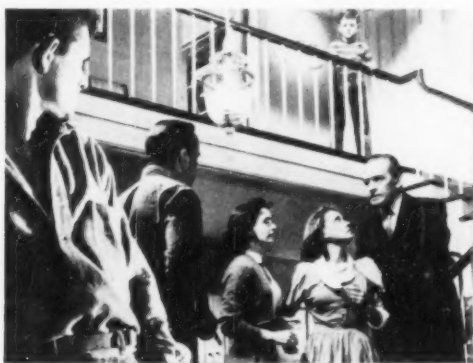
Lana Turner in *The Prodigal*.

#### WORST SINGING:

by Frankie Laine in *Bring Your Smile Along*.

**SILLIEST DIALOGUE:** accused slayer (Robert Ryan) and jungle teak queen (Barbara Stanwyck) find love in *Escape to Burma*.

the world's most expert documentaries. The long-postponed arrival of regular Canadian entertainment features appeared not much nearer than it did a year ago. But Canadian screen actors, as always, did well in London and Hollywood. To my taste, one of the year's most skillful supporting-role performances was that of Arthur Hill as an earnest young Canadian test pilot in *The Deep Blue Sea*, a wordy but civilized specimen from Britain. He got his start at King Edward High School in Vancouver.



### THE DESPERATE HOURS

2 "Director William Wyler and actor Fredric March turn a familiar story into a suspense classic."



### THE DAM BUSTERS

3 "A war drama from Britain, with Michael Redgrave a scientist, Richard Todd a bomber hero."



### THE DIVIDED HEART

4 "Cornell Borchers as the foster mother of a war waif is superb in this restrained British film."



### THE GREAT ADVENTURE

8 "Year's best nature documentary—about two Swedish farm boys and the nearby animals."



### IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER

9 "Television and its more obnoxious hucksters get a ribbing in this smart, wisecracking musical."



### MISTER ROBERTS:

10 "A salty, sometimes moving comedy-drama about bored sailors and a tyrannical captain."

CONTINUED OVER PAGE • ►

## GILMOUR ACCLAIMS THESE 1955 SHOWS AND STARS

**BEST CANADIAN FILM:** *To Serve the Mind*, a documentary about psychiatry, produced by Tom Daly and directed by Stanley Jackson for the National Film Board.

**BEST ACTOR:** Ernest Borgnine in *Marty*.

**BEST ACTRESS:** Katharine Hepburn in *Summertime*.

**BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR:** Paul Scofield as King Philip II of Spain in *That Lady*.

**BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS:** Esther Minciotti as Marty's worried mother in *Marty*.

**BEST SCRIPT WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR SCREEN:** *It's Always Fair Weather*, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green.

**BEST SCRIPT ADAPTED FOR SCREEN:** *Marty*, by Paddy Chayefsky, from his own TV drama.

**BEST DIRECTION:** by William Wyler, in *The Desperate Hours*.

**BEST PRODUCER:** Samuel Goldwyn, for *Guys and Dolls*.

**MOST PROMISING NEW DIRECTOR:** Delbert Mann, who did *Marty* — veteran in TV, new hand in Hollywood.

**BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOR:** *Summertime*, by Jack Hildyard.

**BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN BLACK-AND-WHITE:** *The Desperate Hours*, by Lee Garmes.

**BEST USE OF CINEMASCOPE SCREEN:** by director Elia Kazan and camera chief Ted McCord, in *East of Eden*.

**SHAPELIEST LEGS (SENIOR DIVISION):** those of Joan Crawford in *Female on the Beach*.

**BEST PERFORMANCE BY JUVENILES:** the Swedish farm boys, Kjell Sucksdorff and Anders Norborg, in *The Great Adventure*.

**MOST INTERESTING LOVE SCENE:** the watching-the-fireworks episode between Cary Grant and Grace Kelly in *To Catch a Thief*.

**BEST SCREEN FIGHT:** one-armed judo expert (Spencer Tracy) versus two-armed barroom bully (Ernest Borgnine) in *Bad Day at Black Rock*.

**BEST SINGING (CLASSICAL):** by Italian soprano Renata Tebaldi (invisibly) on sound track of *Aida*, sumptuously acted by Sophia Loren, who doesn't need to sing to be terrific.

**BEST SINGING ("POP"):** by stage star Dolores Gray in her screen debut as the gushy TV hostess in *It's Always Fair Weather*.



**MOST PROMISING DEBUT**  
Dana Wynter: *The View From Pompey's Head*.



**BEST ANIMAL ACTOR**  
The fun-loving young fox in *The Great Adventure*.



**MOST TORRID TEMPTRESS ON THE SCREEN**  
Dorothy Dandridge as a slinky mantrap in *Carmen Jones*.



**SHAPELIEST LEGS**  
Cyd Charisse's in *It's Always Fair Weather*.

### Among other performances Gilmour especially enjoyed

David Wayne as the goggle-eyed visitor, Frank Sinatra as the bachelor wolf, Celeste Holm as the marriage-minded violinist—all in *The Tender Trap*, although this pleasant comedy strikes me as being too long and repetitious... Dan Dailey as the ulcer-ridden TV huckster, who wants to be an artist, in *It's Always Fair Weather*... Arthur Kennedy as the Communist-line lawyer, Juano Hernandez as the Negro judge, in *Trial*... Michael Redgrave as the mild, compassion-

ate and stubborn English scientist in *The Dam Busters*... William Powell as Doc, Henry Fonda as Mister Roberts, in the latter-named comedy... Gordon MacRae as baritone Curly in *Oklahoma!*... Jo Van Fleet as the unhappy Cal's brothel-boss mama in *East of Eden*... Peggy Lee as the sad torch-singing gun moll in *Pete Kelly's Blues*... Jean Simmons as the Save-a-Soul Mission cutie in *Guys and Dolls*; also B. S. Pully, Sheldon Leonard and Stubby Kaye in same musical as tough Runyon softies... Bette Davis as fiery Bess of England in *The Virgin Queen*... John Mills as the polite little English private-eye in *The End of the Affair*... Jack Lemmon

as the wholesome wolf in *My Sister Eileen*... Julie Harris as the madcap English playgirl in *I Am a Camera*... Lillian Gish as the gun-toting old spinster in *The Night of the Hunter*... Charles Coburn as the college president in *How to Be Very, Very Popular*... Edward Andrews as the folksy rackets chief in *The Phenix City Story*... Robert Ryan as the smooth, complicated hoodlum in *House of Bamboo*... Yvonne Mitchell as the war orphan's mother in *The Divided Heart*... Todd Duncan as the baritone Negro prisoner in *Unchained*... Fess Parker as Davy Crockett... Estelle Winwood as the fairy godmother in *The Glass Slipper*. ★



JO VAN FLEET



STUBBY KAYE



ESTELLE WINWOOD



JUANO HERNANDEZ



PEGGY LEE

### THESE FILMS WERE AMONG GILMOUR'S FAVORITES

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK	A MAN CALLED PETER
THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI	PETE KELLY'S BLUES
CARMEN JONES	THE PHENIX CITY STORY
COURT MARTIAL	UNCHAINED
DAY OF TRIUMPH	THE VIRGIN QUEEN
GATE OF HELL	WHITE FEATHER



The Ford Thunderbird inspired the crisp, clean silhouette . . . the long, low lines of all 17 of Ford's new models. Here is styling that will stay in style.

FAIRLANE VICTORIA

Thunderbird Styling  
Thunderbird Power  
Lifeguard Design....

You get them only  
in the **NEW '56 FORD...**

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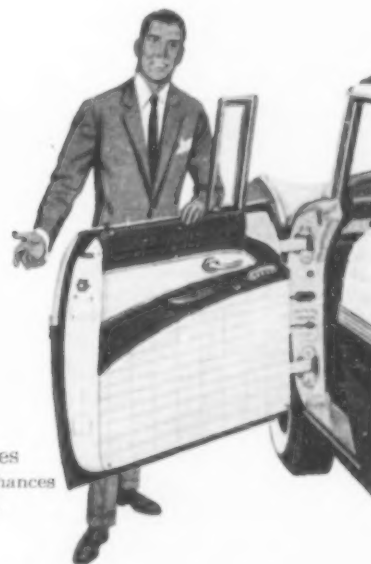


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## What's wrong with subsidies for the arts?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

sort of thing"—speaks volumes. Many of us still look upon music, art and drama as harmless hobbies, like bridge and badminton—harmless as long as they don't get out of hand.

The attitude is understandable. We are a young country and have had a lot of work to do. We haven't had much time to think of free verse, music impressionism and abstract ballet. We have concentrated on material prosperity and we have done a good job of prospering. Perhaps we may be excused for having developed a distorted sense of values.

The federal and provincial governments have played a brilliant and daring role in bringing about our material prosperity. They have subsidized almost everything in sight. They have helped out the railways, the mines, the fishermen and the dairy farmers. Through athletic scholarships to universities they have subsidized football and through cutting concessions to the pulp industry and family allowances they have even subsidized comic books and love-making. But they haven't subsidized the man who catches the spirit of Canada on a canvas or tells her story in a poem.

The solid citizen who looks on art, music and drama as "frills" and wants them removed from the school curriculum is fond of talking about "practical" subjects. But surely anything is practical that makes for happiness and a fuller life. It has always intrigued me to note the number of people who, having achieved material wealth, begin developing an interest in the arts. In some cases this is a mere gesture for social prestige, but far more often it is the result of the businessman's realization that, in spite of all his success, he still hasn't got what he wants. Art, like religion, always has been and always will be essential to man's well-being because, like religion, it satisfies his craving to escape the narrow world around him and reach out to the infinite.

Leo Cherne, author of *The Rest of Your Life*, whose organization, the Research Institute of America, spends six million dollars a year looking into the future, says that by 1965 the average employee will work a maximum of four short days a week. This is fine, but what is the worker going to do with the rest of his time? Idleness breeds boredom and boredom breeds mischief.

If the Canadian government has not concerned itself with the question of leisure time, and its proper use, the Canadian artist has. But what he has done he has had to do on his own. There were a great many organizations across the country—the Society of Painters, the many writers' associations, the Handicrafts Guild, the Royal Architectural Institute and so on—all working for the betterment of Canadian culture. But these are voluntary groups which depend for their existence on their own members' pocketbooks or on the help of other individuals. There are dramatic groups in Canada without halls in which to perform, choirs and orchestras without sheet music, and painters and sculptors who have no place in which to show their work. Worse still, there are hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have no opportunity to see good plays and good paintings or to hear live music.

Many Canadian artists are unable to understand why the federal government offers no help in establishing community centres or why it will not subsidize touring groups of actors, musicians and dancers who could bring cultural enjoyment to smaller centres. They consider it a shame that so important an institution as the Toronto Symphony Orchestra has to hold a tag day and that the National Ballet, which electrified the United States on a recent tour, must go begging for charity.

They wonder why Ottawa is not embarrassed by the fact that most of the Canadians sent abroad for cultural study are supported not by Canadian but by American money in the form of Rockefeller and Carnegie fellowships. They are particularly irritated by the government's habit of stepping in and taking bows after some Canadian group has achieved success on its own steam.

### Good wishes—no money

"The tourist trade is one of Canada's major industries," Lou Applebaum, musical director of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, reminded me recently, "and a lot of money is spent on it. Certainly the work we have put into Stratford has proved a boon to the tourist business. The government admits this fact and expresses its pride and pleasure. But that's as far as it goes."

In a brief submitted to the government five years ago by several of the country's voluntary cultural groups, it was pointed out that no novelist, composer, playwright or painter "can make even a modestly comfortable living by selling his work in Canada." Thus, the brief went on to say, Canadian creative artists are forced to turn their talents to commercial work or leave the country for better fields.

The Canadian artist is not, as some people seem to believe, demanding that

he be allowed to live a life of ease with all bills paid by the government. He simply wants a little help to enable him to progress. Composers cannot have orchestral works performed until the instrumental parts are copied and this often costs more than they can afford. One of Canada's most brilliant young composers is Oskar Morawetz who has become known abroad. His successful *Carnival Overture* has had over thirty performances. "And my revenue from those performances," Morawetz told me, "has just about paid the original copying bill."

Many of the suggestions that have been made to the government involve not financial help but simply assistance from the civil service. Sir Ernest MacMillan, who probably knows more about music in Canada than anyone else, is among those who are not much concerned about actual cash grants.

"What we really need," he told me, "is government help in organizing our resources. There is a sort of cultural chaos in Canada. Each of these music clubs, dramatic groups and so on across the country is working on its own without knowing what the other is doing, simply because there is no central guiding agency. Ottawa should set up a clearing house of information to help bring these groups together. This could give order and unity to our activities so that we could discover just what we have and just what it is all about."

It is often said that Canada's living standard and prosperity have made her the envy of the world. But some of the people who come to this country and observe the conditions I have outlined are more inclined to pity us. One of these is the English conductor Boyd Neel, dean of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto. Neel has been called the Toscanini of the chamber, or small, orchestra and the Boyd Neel Strings of England have been famous the world over. When Neel came to Canada two years ago,

his cherished dream was to establish a similar kind of organization in Canada—an orchestra that could play music not commonly heard and that, because of its size, could reach the smaller centres of Canada and bring live performances to all the people.

The eventual announcement of the formation of a Hart House Orchestra (named after the formerly famous Hart House String Quartet) was greeted with enthusiasm. Neel received applause and congratulations from all sides, including a blessing from the governor-general. The only thing he didn't receive was money. And after a year and a half he still hasn't received any. Neel has discovered that in Canada nods of approval are much easier to get than cold cash. It is no secret that he has dipped into his own pocket to the tune of hundreds of dollars to keep his group alive.

"I find it so bewildering and so different from Europe," he told me. "One can't build a fine orchestra without rehearsals and rehearsals cost money. We don't expect the government to underwrite the whole cost of the Hart House Orchestra. We can make money from performances. But the fees from the smaller Canadian centres, where it is our duty to perform, are insufficient. In England I automatically expected financial help and always got it. Once the British government recognizes that an artistic group is performing a service for the country, it provides assistance. And the same is true of other European countries. What's the matter over here?"

### Even in war there was music

When Neel speaks of government aid in England, he is referring to assistance provided by the Arts Council of Great Britain. This colorful organization got its start fifteen years ago, during the Battle of Britain. When bombs are bursting overhead, one scarcely expects the arts to receive much attention, but the British government recognized the morale value of music and drama and made them a definite part of the war effort. Live music was taken to factories, wartime hostels and air-raid shelters and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra toured the country. Government money for this was distributed through an organization that later became known as the Arts Council of Great Britain. By 1945 the government had increased its original grant of £50,000 to £235,000. Today the Arts Council continues to flourish.

The case of the Arts Council is not unique. In almost every country of importance, on either side of the Iron Curtain, government money is set aside to support the arts in one way or another. In the Netherlands an official organization called *Donemus* undertakes to publish and promote contemporary Dutch music, and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra tours the world without any fear of the effects of the box office on its fortunes.

Our Canadian painters not in the commercial field make a precarious living. About all they can do is loan their paintings to an exhibitor and hope someone will buy a canvas. In several European countries, however, artists who exhibit in state galleries are paid rentals and, in some cases, purchases are guaranteed. Canadians who think our country is too young for all this sort of thing should note that in Australia government funds enable every state capital to have a permanent symphony orchestra with players working on a fifty-two-week contract basis. These orchestras give free or low-priced concerts in all parts of the country.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Oh! Oh! They've caught another one hunting without a license."

The benefits of government subsidy are not limited to cultural growth at home. They are seen in the strengthening of ties between nations. The countries of the world who know that another war means suicide also know that peace can only be assured through international understanding. Cultural relations are a vital factor in bringing this understanding about. Canada subscribes to these theories but doesn't follow through with very zealous action. It is true the CBC broadcasts Canadian programs to other countries of the world, and the federal government is using blocked currency in France and the Netherlands to send Canadian writers, musicians and painters to those countries on fellowships for advanced study. It is also true that Canada is a member of UNESCO, the organization of the United Nations that seeks peace through cultural and educational interchange among UN countries, but Ottawa has set up no commission to deal with UNESCO. Many Canadians, including artists, are not even sure what UNESCO is.

Every season subsidized organizations from abroad appear in Canada—ballet groups from England, bands from the U. S., choirs from Germany, dramatic companies from France. Every year communications from Europe and elsewhere announce festivals, scholarships and competitions and invite Canada to participate. On certain occasions, England has invited the winners of the Dominion Drama Festival to appear in Britain. But frequently theatrical groups that receive invitations like these can't raise the money for the ocean passage.

A few years ago I was asked by a government official if I would take my choir to the U. S. to represent Canada in a folk festival. I had almost packed my bag when word came that the government had changed its mind. A higher official had pointed out that although it would be good to have our country represented, the choice of any one choir for the honor would only annoy other Canadian choruses and result in charges of favoritism. No Canadian group ever got to the festival.

The last time I was in Sir Ernest MacMillan's office, he pointed to a pile of attractively colored brochures lying on his desk. They were from Latin America and contained complete details of what is going on in the music life of that continent. "Pamphlets of this type come to me regularly from embassies all over the world," he said. "Other countries are publicizing their culture and want information about Canada's in return. We can't give it to them because we have no facilities for gathering it together. I am willing to devote time to helping out in this matter but I can't do it alone. Ottawa forwards me these enquiries from abroad but doesn't suggest clerical help."

William Low, manager of CAPAC (Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada), agrees with MacMillan. Low is a successful businessman who takes a businesslike view of the whole situation. "It's not so much a question of whether or not the Canadian government approves of Canadian art," he said to me. "It's a question of public relations and dollars and cents. Think what the festivals at Edinburgh, Salzburg and Venice have done for the European tourist trade. Note the enthusiasm that greeted Porgy and Bess and other theatrical productions recently sent overseas by the American government. Canada must come to realize that she can't win the friendship of other nations with wheat alone."

Anyone who travels abroad is embarrassed to discover how woefully

ignorant of our culture the rest of the world is. Occasionally one meets a foreigner who has heard vague rumors about the Group of Seven or Stephen Leacock but that seems to be about all. The only Canadian music that has won international recognition is Alouette. Recently a new nine-volume edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians appeared. Grove's Dictionary is the Britannica of music and is accepted throughout the world. Its editor, Eric Blom, boasts that "whatever a user may seek in these pages he may reasonably expect to find."

The dictionary has a seven-thousand-word article on Australia as well as sections on the achievements of Syria, Argentina, Turkestan and many other countries. But there is no article on Canadian music.

It is several years now since the Canadian artist began his battle to win recognition from the government. Some of his campaigns have had a melancholy history. In the fall of 1949 a young Englishman named Kenneth Ingram moved into an office next to my own. He had been brought from Argentina by the Canadian Music

Council, one of the country's voluntary organizations, for the purpose of helping organize Canada's music resources. Every day Ingram would pop into my office to discuss the council's plans for cataloguing Canadian works, establishing a central music library, advising Canadian composers and publicizing their music abroad. It was an ambitious scheme and it needed money. Unfortunately, the Canadian Music Council is another of those groups that is short of money. In the case of this project, it was gambling. Its hope was that, when its

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## Four years ago the Massey report suggested a council to assist the arts. "Since then nothing much has happened"

plans were explained to the government and to private institutions, enough money would be raised to make them a reality and to set the council on a firm basis. The story of the council's scheme is pretty much that of the Hart House Orchestra—applause and nothing more. The last time I saw Kenneth Ingram, he was selling encyclopedias.

One of Canada's most aggressive artists is Herman Voaden, a Toronto playwright and high-school teacher. For the last twelve years Voaden has devoted every spare moment of his time to pressing for government aid to the arts. In November 1944 he and his associates gathered together nearly a score of the various voluntary cultural organizations, organized them into the Canadian Arts Council and turned their guns on Ottawa. The dogged persistence of the CAC was one of the reasons that, in 1949, the federal government announced the establishment of a commission to investigate the state of Canada's culture and make a report.

The famous Massey Report released in 1951 is now history—"ancient history," someone has said. Its five hundred pages are filled with interesting observations and recommendations, most of them wise and a few of them naive. Its suggestions include everything from the restoration of the Halifax Citadel to the establishment of a national library, but most important of all, it recommends that Ottawa set up a "Canada Council" to operate somewhat along the lines of the Arts Council of Great Britain in subsidizing Canadian cultural activity. This recommendation was hailed in 1951 as a victory for the Voaden group.

But that was four years ago and since then nothing much has happened. Time and time again members in the Commons have risen to ask when the Canada Council is likely to get going. Replies have been vague. Prime Minister St. Laurent has admitted that the government is in favor of the council but as late as last May he said, "I am not in a position to advise the House as to when the Canada Council will come into operation."

It is necessary, however, to deal with an apprehension that exists in other minds besides those of politicians. Many people are against a Canada Council because it suggests patronage and patronage, they believe, brings with it loss of artistic freedom and therefore inferior art. Their fears have been underlined by what has happened to artists in totalitarian countries.

Much has been written about the ruthless way in which Moscow attempts to harness the minds of its musicians and tell them what and how to write. One does feel a sense of shame when reading the abject apologies written by Prokofiev and Khachaturian after they were rebuked for writing "capitalistic" music. And yet for all that, when closely examined Moscow's whole restrictive policy becomes more amusing than terrifying.

How do we go about proving that such and such a piece of music is leftist, rightist, capitalistic or communistic? The Shostakovich Symphony No. 1 is supposed to be a glorification of the proletariat and I have heard people say that in the second movement we can hear the tramp of peasants' feet and their exultant cries of victory. But would we hear all this if someone hadn't told us about it

ahead of time? And what would be the result if we were informed that this same symphony was really written by John D. Ticker and reflected the spirit of Wall Street?

Suppose the Canada Council came into being and by some twist of fate developed totalitarian control. Suppose that Dr. Healey Willan was ordered to write a symphony glorifying the Social Credit Party. How does one write a Social Credit Symphony? What does it sound like? I sometimes wonder what goes on in the minds of Soviet musicians while they are composing these propaganda pieces. I suspect that some of them write exactly what they want to write and then tack on a title that will please the Kremlin.

The interesting fact is that in spite of all the restrictions and irritations with which the Soviet composer has to contend, he somehow still seems to be able to create vital music. No one will deny the importance of what men like Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Khachaturian have given the world.

Regardless of what we may think of Russia, it does not follow that because the Moscow system represents an extreme and highly unpalatable form of patronage, all patronage is necessarily bad. Down through the ages the artist has always grumbled at his patron but one wonders what he would have done without him. During the Middle Ages artists were hemmed in by all sorts of ecclesiastical restrictions but they were still able to build cathedrals that are the wonder of the world, and to develop the science of harmony in music. It was the church that clothed and fed them and gave them the tools with which to work. Michelangelo was not particularly fond of Pope Julius II but it was the pope's money that made possible the murals of the Sistine Chapel, just as it was the money of noblemen and churchmen that made possible the birth of English drama.

### It's forever Pooh-Bah

Most of us are inclined to sentimentalize too much about the indignities heaped upon the great artists of the past. When Bach dedicated a work to his noble employer he praised the patron for his "fine, delicate taste" and spoke meekly of his own "small talent." But writing this sort of thing didn't bother Bach very much. It was a routine procedure of the day and all part of the business of getting ahead. Nor was Bach's genius hampered as a result. The letter from which I have quoted was the one that accompanied his six immortal Brandenburg concertos.

If anyone thinks conditions have changed so very much from Bach's day, he should listen to a radio or TV drama director talking to a sponsor, observe a young composer trying to get his symphony performed by an important conductor, or talk to the countless school teachers who, every year, have to stage a Gilbert and Sullivan opera to please the parents and the school board even though they are fed up to the teeth with the sound of Pooh-Bah or the Duke of Plaza-Toro. Human nature being what it is, the artist in any field will always be confronted with restrictions, favoritism and stupid directives from above.

That is why I am a bit skeptical about some of the proposals put for-

ward by our Canadian artists who seem to think they can eliminate all danger of patronage. In its brief to the royal commission, the Canadian Arts Council proposes that the Canada Council be made up of artists and "distinguished citizens chosen for the contribution they can make to the cultural life of the country" who will be free of political influence and who will distribute government funds as they see fit. It suggests that such a board "could encourage our national development in the arts and letters to the satisfaction of artists, the public and the government." In other words, all will be well.

But will it? Is there any artist in Canada completely free of bias, completely immune to prejudice from within himself or to pressure from without? And what makes us think that because a man is an artist he is automatically capable of evaluating genius in another artist? In 1866 Tchaikovsky wrote the following in his diary:

"I played over the music of that scoundrel Brahms. What a giftless bastard! It annoys me that this self-inflated mediocrity is hailed as a genius."

One might also have quoted what Gounod thought of Cesar Franck, what Saint-Saëns thought of Debussy, or even what some of our Canadian artists apparently think of each other.

The CBC is made up of civil servants who carry on programming and distribute government money without interference from Ottawa, and yet Canadian performers and writers are continually accusing it of favoritism. The Canadian Arts Council speaks of the "charges that have been made from time to time that discrimination has been shown by CBC officials in engaging talent" and the Massey Report describes complaints from Regina and Quebec City that the CBC is neglecting such centres in favor of Montreal and Toronto.

No matter what system of government aid is introduced into Canada, the artist can never have it all his own way. And it is probably a good thing that he can't. A certain degree of adversity would appear to be good for the creative mind. It is the triumph over adversity that makes for great art. Unfortunately, we have in Canada a small group of artists—very vocal and, for the most part, third-rate—who visualize a system of government subsidy that will free them from all financial responsibility and allow them to do only what they want to do when they want to do it. Their the-world-owes-me-a-living attitude has had a lot to do with the public's suspicion of art subsidies in general.

Apart from the fact that probably no writer, painter or musician alive deserves to be completely pensioned by a government, it is obvious that such a system would defeat its purpose. An artist without normal responsibilities tends to crawl further and further into his ivory tower and lose that contact with life that is essential to the creation of great work. He ends up with nothing to offer but his own special eccentricities and isms.

Cecil Gray, the distinguished English author, in discussing the whole problem of cultural aid, says, "The ideal would probably be for artists to have a small, independent income . . . enough to keep them without financial worries and preoccupations but not enough for a life of ease and self-

indulgence." This is pretty much what Canadian artists want. Eric Ald-winkle, one of our well-known painters, tells me he would like to see the government provide plenty of work in the form of commissions to keep artists busy. At the same time, he feels that once an artist has been given a commission he should be allowed full freedom to employ his talents in carrying it out as he sees fit.

There is something to be said for and against government commissions. They sometimes result in incredibly dull stuff, but on the other hand they provide some assurance that the artist will work for the people of his country. There is a tremendous need in Canada for music, art and literature that the people can understand, enjoy and use. We need good plays for our high schools, simple but effective music for our town bands, and pictures that will give us pride in our country. And it doesn't necessarily follow that the Canadian who creates this type of material will debase his art. It certainly did not work out that way in the case of Shakespeare, Hogarth or Mozart, all of whom wrote with the public in mind.

What the Canadian artist needs more than anything else is an audience. The personal subsidy is, at best, only a temporary hypo-stimulus. Truly cultured nations are nations in which all the people are excited about their artists and eager to listen to them. This has been amply proved in the cases of Germany and Italy. And so when Ottawa sets up a Canada Council—as she surely must—and decides to spend some money, I hope she spends it not so much on subsidizing the artist himself as on bringing his work to the people, especially the people in smaller communities and out-of-the-way areas.

The big danger is that government subsidy may be used to emphasize that lamentable tendency in Canada to centralize music and drama in one or two big cities. This is a real temptation because big centres provide effective showcases. Torontonians boast proudly that their city is the cultural centre of Canada. This statement is probably true but its truth should be a reason for concern rather than pride. Cultural centralization has never in the long run done a country any lasting good.

In the first place, it creates a traffic jam by crowding into one spot far more talent than even a big city can absorb. In the second place, it drains the rest of the country dry. Thus we have in Canada an absurd situation. Communities in the west and in the Maritimes complain that they cannot establish decent orchestras or theatre groups because their best people keep drifting to Toronto, while in Toronto itself young people with real talent are walking the streets in search of work.

The talented people in our smaller communities must be kept home where they can play their part in developing a wider growth of cultural activity. But they are not likely to stay there if there is nothing for them to do. Thus it is essential that the government aid in the establishment of community centres, subsidize the building of halls for theatrical groups, and encourage the formation of local bands, orchestras and choruses. It is important, too, that people in all parts of Canada be given the chance to come in contact with live talent of the highest order. This involves sending on tour Canada's best performers in the fields of music, ballet and drama.

It may all cost a lot of money—possibly as much as a twentieth the price of national defense—but it will pay off in the long run because it will enable Canada to hold up her head among the nations of the world. ★

## They're freezing people to life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

subjected to a great and sudden shock—such as in an automobile accident or a major operation—the body immediately starts defending itself. There is an exhaustive outpouring of chemical secretions by the glands to maintain the usual temperature, blood pressure and other normal processes. This

defense reaction is so intense that the body soon exhausts its last available reserves of energy. The victim's temperature drops and he shivers; his blood pressure declines; finally, some vital organ may collapse and the victim dies. The conventional method of treating shock still consists of piling warm blankets on the patient, pouring hot drinks down his throat and injecting heart stimulants. This steps up the defense reactions of his body, but does it at the risk of an even faster depletion of the body's precious energy reserves.

Dr. Henri Laborit of Paris has evolved a radically new treatment for shock. He theorized that if a shock victim's defense reactions were slowed down instead of stimulated his vital reserve of energy might be conserved instead of exhausted. In his early work he achieved this "slowing down" by the use of tranquilizing drugs. Later, he also began using ice packs on his patients, bringing their temperature down to about ninety degrees. Using this technique he operated on sixty patients with advanced cancer, who were regarded as too feeble to with-

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stand surgery. Forty of them survived the operation. Laborit found that living in slow motion kept alive people with multiple fractures of the pelvic area, deep stomach wounds and extensive burns. According to Laborit it is entirely possible that the use of tranquilizing drugs and cold will become standard medical practice for victims of explosions, traffic accidents and fires.

Because the results achieved have been so promising, scientists are now searching for techniques which will make hypothermia even more effective. If the human process of life could be almost halted for hours, days or weeks at a time, they reason, there would be virtually no limit as to what could be done therapeutically. Theoretically, if a human being could be chilled to fifty-three degrees Fahrenheit his circulation could be cut off for hours at a time since he would require practically no oxygen. But so far, using present methods, it is not safe even to approach that temperature. In their horrifying experiments at the Dachau concentration camp, the Nazis found that thirty-five percent of prisoners placed in ice water died once their temperature was forced below 85. All of them died when their temperature went lower than 75. In a few recent cases, patients have been operated on when their bodies were at seventy-five degrees and lived. Probably the most memorable example of accidental hypothermia in the past few years was that of a woman in Chicago who fell asleep in a snow bank after drinking heavily. When found she was literally frozen stiff and her body temperature was sixty-eight. She recovered, suffering nothing worse than severe frostbite. She was probably aided by the anesthetizing effect of the alcohol she had consumed.

The ever-present danger in bringing the temperature down below eighty degrees is ventricular fibrillation. This means that the heart goes into spasmodic, fluttery, uncontrolled beating and finally stops. On the other hand, true hibernators like the ground hog can be chilled almost to freezing point—thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit—without affecting the heart. Furthermore, experiments have shown that while they're in hibernation they can go on living after their blood circulation has been entirely cut off for two hours. Hence the intense scientific interest in the ground hog and other species of hibernating animals.

Of the world's fifteen thousand known species of mammals, only about fifty are true hibernators. Besides the ground hog (or woodchuck as he is sometimes called) Canadian hibernators include the hedgehog, some varieties of jumping mice, bats, squirrels and the marmot. Another hibernator is the poorwill, a relative of the whippoorwill, which summers in western Canada and winters in the rocky crevices of the mountains of Colorado and California. In Europe, there is the European hedgehog (no relative of the Canadian ground hog), the hamster and the golden hamster. This last animal is rarely found in the wild state. Most of the millions of golden hamsters now in captivity were raised from a single family captured by Dr. I. Aharoni of Hebrew University, Jerusalem, in 1930.

Our knowledge about hibernators is rather spotty. Some scientists suspect that raccoons, skunks and badgers are hibernators but they're not sure. They've changed their minds about the bear: the traditionally best-known of all hibernators turns out not to be one at all. The temperature of the true hibernator is never more than a few degrees above the air temperature around him as he sleeps. He is com-

pletely dormant. The bear, while he spends most of the winter snoozing, still maintains a high body temperature. Female bears have their young in the winter and the young ones couldn't survive without the warmth provided by their mother's body. On the other hand, it is believed that the hummingbird hibernates every night to conserve the relatively large output of energy used up in rapid and almost non-stop daytime flight.

The University of Toronto scientists chose ground hogs for their research because they're plentiful in Ontario. It was soon discovered, though, that in spite of their numbers they were not easy to catch. Trappers sent out returned empty-handed. It remained for farmer Earl Terreberry to make use of an old way for capturing them in quantity. The ground hog lives in a burrow that usually has two exits. Terreberry went out in the fields with a water tank mounted on his truck. He flooded water into one exit and placed a snare on the other, catching the animal as it attempted to escape.

### You're like a ground hog

Ground hogs are irascible in captivity. They keep their strong, constantly growing front teeth sharpened to a razor's edge by grinding them against each other. Many research workers have had their hands gashed severely enough to require stitches. The animals have repeatedly gnawed their way through the wire walls of their hutches. On one occasion six ground hogs won their freedom and made their way to the roof of the laboratory building.

By contrast, in hibernation the ground hog is utterly helpless. One day Dr. Bigelow and a former associate, Dr. J. E. McBirnie, took a hibernating ground hog into the classroom and passed it around the students. It was an inert, cold, furry ball which would require about two hours to wake up and get fighting mad.

By careful observation during the past few years the scientists have learned some of the ground hog's secrets of hibernation. They found that there is a remarkable similarity between what happens to a ground hog in hibernation and in what happens to a human being in hypothermia. Body temperature falls, so does the rate of

the heart beat and respiration. But there are also differences. The temperature of the ground hog drops with the temperature of the air until it approaches freezing. Thereupon his body begins to burn slightly more fuel—enough to keep its temperature above freezing. During this process, he may wake up and run around to keep warm. He might even wander out of his burrow to nibble on some tree bark.

The ground hog doesn't just "go to sleep" when winter approaches. He must be heavily padded with fat or he won't hibernate readily. He slides into hibernation gradually, lengthening his hours of sleep each day until he doesn't wake up at all. He doesn't shiver—the mechanism by which most mammals combat cold. Nor does he sleep uninterruptedly all winter. He naps in stretches of five or six weeks, then, after waking, goes back to sleep again.

What is it, precisely, that enables the ground hog to live at near-freezing level for prolonged periods? Is it a particular substance found in the body of the ground hog and not found in the body of man?

University of Toronto researchers are particularly curious about "brown fat"—a substance found throughout the ground hog's body but especially under his armpits. In fall, the ground hog is well larded with brown fat; it suddenly disappears at the mating season in spring. The scientists have tried to remove the brown fat to see if the ground hog could hibernate without it. Unfortunately, because it is so widely spread throughout the body, they could take off only about half of it by surgical methods. With this amount taken away, it was found that the ground hog could still hibernate although it went to sleep later in the season, awoke more frequently, and once awakened, tended to stay awake for days instead of hours. In another experiment extract of brown fat was injected into rats. It was discovered that rats thus reinforced could survive temperatures three degrees lower than other rats. While this result is encouraging, it still doesn't definitely prove anything.

Studies in hibernation stimulated by the clinical success of hypothermia are now going on in several parts of the world. A research team of the National Institute for Medical Research, London, led by Dr. A. S. Parks, has ex-



**"I saw the boy was dying," a doctor said,  
"and they restored him. It was a miracle"**

perimented with hundreds of European hamsters. This variety of rodent, which is popular as a household pet, has a normal body temperature of one hundred degrees. Parks has placed these animals in refrigeration until they were literally frozen alive, at temperatures far below the freezing point. Even after forty minutes in this frigid state, some of them made a complete recovery. At the Arctic Research Laboratory in Alaska, Dr. P. F. Scholander has been scrutinizing plants and insects that survive exposure to extremely low temperatures. One of the insect's secrets, according to Dr. Scholander, is dehydration. He manages to rid himself of practically all the water in his system so that ice crystals don't form in the tissues. "It is the formation of ice crystals that actually kills," says Dr. Scholander.

Hibernation for human beings is a dream that has long excited the imagination of scientists. In 1776 the famous British surgeon, John Hunter, studied the physiology of fish in the hope that human beings might learn how to slow down their living process. In the 1850s a Scottish doctor immersed patients with dangerously high fevers in icy brine baths and succeeded in getting their temperatures down to eighty-five degrees. It seemed to have a beneficial effect on their general condition. During the retreat of the French army from Moscow, Napoleon's surgeons observed that amputations performed outdoors in zero temperatures were unusually successful. Just before the last war, doctors at the Temple University Medical School, Philadelphia, showed that cancerous growths could be arrested by lowering the temperature of the growth itself or the patient's entire body.

#### A blister that could kill

It was in the late 1940s that a University of Toronto research team led by Dr. W. G. Bigelow, a heart surgeon, began exploring the possibilities of applying hypothermia to heart surgery. They experimented with hundreds of animals. Some of the animals were chilled to as low as forty degrees below their normal temperature of 99 degrees. The surgeons would then stop their circulation by tying up their heart arteries. Normally, without their hearts pumping fresh blood loaded with oxygen to their brains, they would have died in a few minutes. Under hypothermia, they consumed so little oxygen that it was possible to cut off their blood supply for as long as forty-five minutes. The experimental work of the Toronto team with animals paved the way for modern heart and blood vessel surgery by means of hypothermia. Such an operation, briefly, is performed as follows:

The patient is a fifty-year-old man with an aneurysm on the aorta. This means that he has a blister on the great blood vessel through which the blood supply leaves the heart and feeds to smaller arteries and thence to the rest of the body. Each time his heart pumps the blister inflates like a balloon. Because it is in constant danger of "blowing out" and killing him, surgery is recommended. The patient is given an anaesthetic which will put him to sleep. Then he is covered with a refrigeration blanket. This article, as its name implies, is a sort of electric blanket in reverse.

Within an hour and a half the

patient's body temperature is eighty-five degrees. His breathing and pulse are faint and he's consuming only half the normal supply of oxygen. The surgeon now cuts open the chest, exposing the blister. He places clamps on either side of it, thus blocking off the circulation. He removes seven or eight inches around the defect and replaces it with human aorta tissue or a plastic cloth material. Then the clamps are removed. The refrigeration is then switched off and the patient's chest sewn up.

Upon awakening, the patient feels pain in his chest where the incision was made, but otherwise he is in remarkably good condition. This is partly due to the fact that in hypothermia cold itself is the main anaesthetic. Therefore the doctors have used only small amounts of pain-killing drugs which usually account for much of the malaise after surgery.

The method of chilling and then warming the patient's body varies from hospital to hospital. At the University of Colorado, Boulder, the patient is placed in a tub of ice water and thawed in warm water. At the U. S. Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, the patient lies on a rubber mattress through which cold water is circulated. In the same city, at George Washington University, doctors cut open the chest and circulate cold sterile salt water through it: this chills the heart, lungs and large blood vessels. The patient is reheated the same way, using a warm solution in place of the cold. At the famous Guy's Hospital, London, doctors recommend drawing the blood out of the heart, cooling it, and pumping it back in again.

But regardless of the methods employed, hypothermia has achieved some remarkable results in surgery of the heart and blood vessels. Only a few months ago, Kenneth Kress, a twenty-three-year-old athlete of Durham, Ontario, was near death as the result of a heart attack. Drs. Thomas Morley and Donald Wilson of the Toronto General Hospital operated on him three times, using hypothermia. The first operation, which took seven hours, consisted of removing a section of the aorta. The second required the repair of a blister on one of the blood vessels leading to the brain. Then followed the removal of a blood clot in another blood vessel. Kress' recovery was described by Dr. Robert Jones, head of the University of Toronto's department of surgery, as "an amazing achievement." Royden Burnett, the Kress family's physician, commented, "I saw he was dying and they restored him. It was a miracle."

Dr. F. John Lewis, associate professor of surgery at the University of Minnesota, had a critically ill five-year-old patient. She had a hole between the two inner sections of her heart. Using hypothermia, he brought her temperature down to seventy-five degrees. Her oxygen consumption was probably one third that of normal, which made it possible for him to cut off her circulation long enough to repair the damage in her heart.

Hypothermia is used in surgery on other organs as well—particularly if the patient is too weak to endure an operation with conventional anaesthetics. Last year, Dr. Edgar Berman, a Baltimore surgeon, had a 70-year-old patient who suffered a stroke. Shortly after, she had a gall-bladder attack which called for an immediate opera-

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tion. Berman used no anaesthetic drugs, depending on the hypothermia to kill all pain. The elderly woman experienced no excessive discomfort and recovered from the operation.

The techniques used by the pioneer French surgeon Dr. Laborit vary somewhat from those used by his colleagues in North America. Half an hour before the operation, he administers a "lytic cocktail," whose main ingredient is chlorpromazine—a substance which slows down and tranquilizes the patient and facilitates the lowering of the body temperature. He then applies ice packs to the patient's groin, heart, armpits and spine. Laborit works at a temperature of about 90 degrees. Hypothermia, in North America, refers to the body temperature range of 75 to 85 degrees. Injections of the lytic mixture are continued. To reduce post-operative shock, Laborit wheels his patient, covered only with a light sheet, from the operating table into a room where the temperature is kept at fifty degrees. Patients who have undergone critical brain operations have spent as long as twelve days in the cool room while the temperature was gradually raised to normal, thus helping them survive a critical period by reducing the energy output demanded by their bodies.

When Professor Maurice Lacomme, an obstetrician of the Paris School of Medicine, heard of Laborit's techniques he decided to adapt them to his work with premature babies. The average baby weighs 7.7 pounds at birth. Lacomme's first experiments were with a group of infants who weighed half that amount or less. Most of them were born in a state of shock because of difficult deliveries or because the mothers had been given large quantities of pain-killing drugs. Hitherto, Lacomme had used the conventional treatment for prematurity—placing the infant in a heated incubator provided with an enriched oxygen supply. But their bodies weren't strong enough for the fight for survival. Despite the utmost care, mortality was high.

Lacomme now placed the premature infants in cool chambers. This counteracted their state of shock. And, instead of forcing a high level of activity on the child, the low temperature helped him attain a lower point of equilibrium better adapted to his meager resources. This form of partial hibernation was used on the infants for as long as twelve days. When they were on their way to normal development Lacomme gradually raised the temperature of their chambers to normal. The survival rate of these premature infants rose dramatically.

Another French physician, Raymond D. Sorel, professor of paediatrics of the Toulouse School of Medicine, has been using the same methods to save the lives of infants three to six months old. He was searching for new forms of therapy for infants who were at the point of death due to mastoiditis, infant diarrhea and meningitis. Using artificial hibernation and the lytic cocktail, he was able to attain an unusually high proportion of recoveries.

Hypothermia is one of the newest and most promising developments in medicine. Its achievements to date are impressive. With improved techniques it may save and prolong the lives of millions of people who are now considered beyond medical help. Perhaps if scientists can crack the great hibernation mystery—now locked fast in the blood and tissue of the ground hog and the hamster—we may even see that favorite theme of science fiction come true: A man is frozen into a state of animated suspension and placed in a cold-storage vault labeled: "Open on his three hundredth birthday." ★

## Bruce Hutchison rediscovers New Brunswick

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

That reply amazed me. It could hardly have come from any English-speaking Canadian but a New Brunswicker. I was beginning to realize, on my first day here, that the mind of New Brunswick occupies a separate and tight little island in the sea of Canadian life.

How was it, I asked, that this province of two evenly balanced races had escaped the long and ugly racial tensions of Upper and Lower Canada?

"We had something," my host explained, "that they didn't have. We had time. The thing has happened gradually, you see. We were never organized in two separate blocs of race like Ontario and Quebec, but we were always mixed together, so race never

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became much of an issue with us. Each side has had time to learn that the other was all right before any real trouble broke out."

Yes, time. New Brunswick has been learning the lessons of time, of success, failure and bitter disappointment for three and a half centuries since the Acadians first settled on the Bay of Fundy.

Nothing has turned out as Murray expected on the Miramichi. But that British soldier, who later fell hopelessly in love with the French of Quebec, would find little to disturb him in modern New Brunswick. Perhaps, I thought, he would understand, if he were here today, that British civilization is not failing in New Brunswick because it is being outnumbered. It is achieving a success of sorts without equal in Canada or perhaps anywhere else in this race-riven world.

From the porch of that old house I could watch a Norwegian ship, successor to the crowded fleets of sail, loading mine props at the edge of the garden. The air was heavy with the mixed scent of lilac and freshly peeled logs. The river glistened like brass and on the other bank loomed the ragged silhouette of Chatham. Newcastle and Chatham together seemed to provide a case history of the New Brunswick mind, a tiny image of its past and some explanation of its present.

Early in the nineteenth century the giant personage of Joseph Cunard appeared in Chatham. He soon crammed the basin with his shipyards and his lawns with peacocks, drove to church in a shiny coach with footmen in livery, expected his town to welcome him from his incessant travels with a salute of gunfire and, on the awful day when he faced bankruptcy, rode his horse through sullen mobs, a pistol in each bootleg.

Cunard, the king of Chatham, faced

across the river the king of Newcastle, Alexander Rankin. Their rival kingdoms habitually enjoyed an agreeable holiday of guerrilla warfare at every colonial election—broken heads, battles with stones, sods and hunks of coal, barricaded streets, and finally, in 1843, cannons loaded with scrap-iron but happily not fired.

It was hard to believe in this quiet house and scented garden that the almost-empty river once was filled with the clatter of shipwrights' hammers, the shouts of riot and the sound of perpetual prosperity.

Why, the boom had hardly paused for the great Miramichi forest fire of 1825, though flames covered four hundred square miles, cremated nearly two hundred people and drove the remainder into the basin with the woodland animals.

The people lived through the winter in roofless cellars and went back to work in the spring. But later on steam ruined the wooden ship and all the brave hopes of the North Shore. It seemed likely to ruin all New Brunswick.

As the first tide of industry receded, leaving two sleepy towns on the Miramichi, another invisible tide had begun to rise—the Acadians, whose storied banishment had never been more than partially accomplished, were beginning to make their numbers felt again. Slowly and then with increasing momentum the ironic wheel of history turned in full circle.

The impending emergence of a second Canadian province with a French-speaking majority—though by no means a reproduction or satellite of Quebec—obviously deserved further enquiry. Meanwhile I wanted to explore another notable house beside the Miramichi.

This house, massive, square and painted an ugly cream color, stands on one of Newcastle's shady streets, scowling at the river below. Through a third-floor gable window about two feet square, a boy named William Maxwell Aitken got his early view of the world, that oyster which he would pry open with a lever bearing the heraldic arms of Beaverbrook.

A stranger visiting the manse of Beaverbrook's father can learn, or guess, a good deal about the inner stuff of New Brunswick.

The son was not born in this house, as commonly believed and stated in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, but in Ontario where, at the age of ten months (so he likes to think) he informed his family: "Pack my diapers, I'm off for the Miramichi!" Remaining in Newcastle for some fifteen years, he departed no further than Yarmouth and Halifax to accumulate his first million, before moving to greater triumphs and honors in England.

His farewell to the river may seem to be a personal and accidental episode in a ravenous career. Actually it explains of itself the life—some would say the tragedy—of New Brunswick. Most of the province's greatest sons in modern times, such as Beaverbrook, Prime Minister Bonar Law of Britain, and Prime Minister R. B. Bennett of Canada, were destined to enrich other places.

For this and other reasons New Brunswick claims, almost with an inverted pride, to be the poorest province per capita in Canada, next to the new province of Newfoundland and the tiny garden of Prince Edward Island. Yes, but note this—the most durable of that famous provincial triumvirate came home again, bearing rich gifts and proclaiming his devotion with costly public monuments as if in atonement for his desertion. Not all the wealth, honors and powers of the world

could make a native son anything but a New Brunswicker.

Beaverbrook's incurable, multimillion-dollar homesickness is the most striking contemporary tribute to the New Brunswick spirit. That spirit makes its custodians almost a separate clan within the nation. They may carry it far away but it never changes.

I entered the manse to find the haunting wistfulness of New Brunswick (I can think of no proper word to describe it) issuing, oddly enough, out of a phonograph in the cavernous room which once held the Aitken family dinner table and the bouncing figure of young Max.

Miss Louise Manny, a strong-minded but charming lady and former playmate of the Aitken children, has become the custodian of Beaverbrook's public library, now established in the parlor. (I thought that room hideous, a triumph of Victorian gimcrackery, but don't tell Miss Manny, for she loves it.) With her unequalled knowledge of local lore she had been busily recording the folk songs of this countryside. Nowhere else does the past live in so many ballads written by nameless composers, sometimes filched from the folk memory of old European tales and often set to English tunes lost in the old world centuries ago.

New ballads are still written to celebrate any event of local interest—a murder, an accident, an election, a joke. They are written in the backwoods by a people whose world barely reaches the next river valley, a people who feel more strongly than any English-speaking Canadians the presence of their ancestors and the loss of a golden age. Thus the clan maintains its secret communication and no one but a clansman can translate it.

#### Everybody's home town

After playing for my instruction several examples of balladry, then introducing me to the neat little church of the elder Aitken and his hillside grave, Miss Manny led me to the leafy square of Newcastle. Here Beaverbrook—charming the natives like an elderly elf—has built a spacious structure of stone to house a splendid community theatre and, upstairs, a city hall of oaken grandeur.

This monument is magnificent and rather overpowering but somehow it didn't look like New Brunswick. So I set off on a winding country road across lonely hills, lush valleys, dark forests and furious rivers. At last I came to Fredericton, that genuine original and apotheosis of the Canadian home town.

In the dozen years since I had seen it last Fredericton had changed alarmingly on the surface but, as I was soon relieved to discover, not much below the surface.

Its sharp spires still pricked a cloud of spring foliage and floated upside down in the river. The current of the Saint John still moved in majestic strides as Villebon watched it from the first French fort, as the Loyalists saw it from their boats, as Main John Glasier, in stovepipe hat and bushy brown wig, mastered it with his celebrated ship, Morning Dew, and even drove logs over its Grand Falls without removing hat or wig.

The river, alas, was deserted. Gone were Captain Peabody's floating store from Boston; the snorting fleet of side-wheelers that once paddled up from

Saint John; the captains, the pilots, the merchant princes of lumber; Benjamin Franklin Tibbits, the clockmaker who invented the first compound engine here in 1842, revolutionized the use of steam but died broke; the drunken engineer who blew up the good ship Ben Beveridge in a moment of spite... all had departed, leaving no mark on the river but Fredericton.

It is mark enough, the loveliest town in Canada, so perfect in every line, its ingredients so cunningly mixed and matured to such ripeness that no stone, brick or board in all its queer anatomy should ever be changed; no vandal finger should be allowed to rub an inch from its mellow patina. A town, in short, or rather the imagined image and daydream of a town, where a shady porch, a girl, a guitar and a moon on the river might rescue a man from this rude age and return him to the innocence of his youth when all the world was young.

Was it possible, I asked myself with growing anxiety, that Fredericton was becoming just another normal town and ceasing to be a character in a nation that has no characters to spare?

Everything appeared to be in order. The velvet turf of the Loyalists' graveyard lay undisturbed in the middle of the business district. The Legislative Buildings, with absurd dome shaped like a Georgian nightcap, remained as ugly and yet as beautiful as ever. The original Audubon prints, one of the last two sets in existence and Fredericton's most valued possession, reposed securely in the fireproof safe of the archives. Bliss Carman's brown clapboard house was in good repair.

That mysterious human hand pointed a golden forefinger steadily to heaven from a church tower. The English cathedral presided with Gothic grin over an English churchyard. The university meditated, unruffled, on the hill. The painted iron dolphins gamboled on the main street. A solid roof of green, supported on the soaring pillars of the Loyalists' trees, covered the whole town and could hardly leak a drop.

But superficially Fredericton is changing faster, they tell me, than any community in the Maritimes.

It has become a city of 20,000 people. It swells up and down the riverbank, has built a luxurious hotel (named after Beaverbrook, naturally) out of its own capital, has replaced the haunted editorial office and Dickensian inmates of The Gleaner with a newspaper of three daily editions and, as final proof of its new opulence, has developed a formidable parking problem.

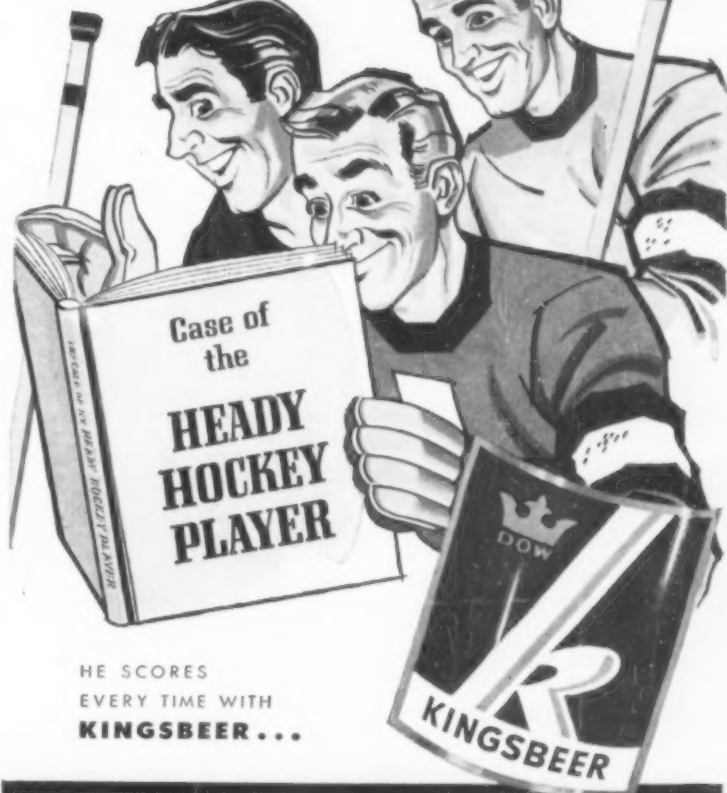
Such a place had no room for that incredible stuffed frog of a hundred pounds weight, a beloved fake, who used to stare coldly from the lobby of the Barker House and seemed to defy time as it defied nature. I searched for my old friend in vain. Some Philistine had callously consigned the punctured remains to an unknown garret. Had the inner stuffing of the town also oozed out?

That question assailed me as I repaired to the government travel bureau and was welcomed by its manager, Mr. Robert Tweedie, a diligent student of history and the conscience of the town. Mr. Tweedie soothed my alarms and guided me to the inner sanctum of the university.

When Beaverbrook built the Bonar Law-Bennett library extension as a memorial to his old political chieftains

**"Nowhere does the past live in so many ballads written by nameless composers"**

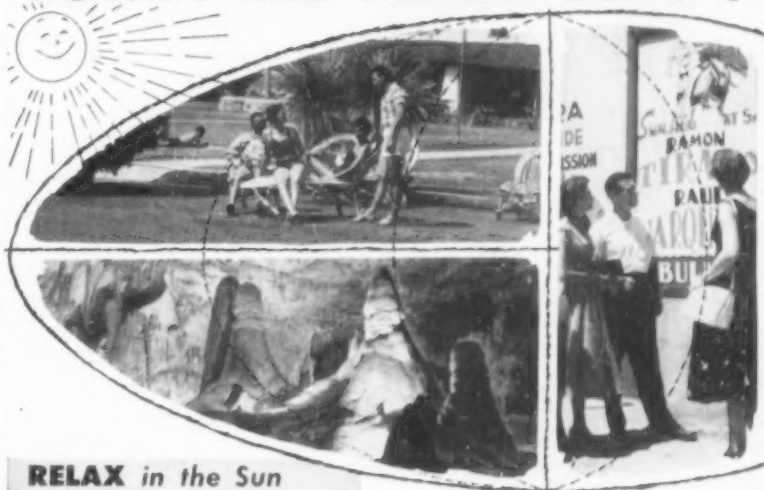
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**LA PROVINCE DE Québec**

he spared no money or imagination. The design of the library would fit the finest universities of Europe. It contains the papers of Bonar Law, R. B. Bennett and David Lloyd-George, for which any university in the commonwealth would give its eyeteeth. No one but the Beaver could have brought them here.

Portraits of his three dead friends peer from easels in the splendid common room, and standing before these memorials, amid the solemnity of priceless books, a living man must speak in a hushed voice.

A hushed voice is, in any case, the manner of this venerable institution. The professors who received me there, in the good old custom of afternoon tea and sticky English tarts, must make the visitor feel like a savage from the Wild West. These men, I suppose, are the final expression and delicate bloom of a very special civilization which, though small and poor, fascinates them utterly.

While they hold broad views, New Brunswick is the locus and darling of their scholarship. Everything that has ever happened here since Villebon built his fort, almost every human being ever born here, must be known to such a historian as Professor Alfred G. Bailey, the shy but brilliant dean of arts. His books and lectures are filled with names unknown to the nation but still flourishing in the legendry of his province.

The three greatest poets of Fredericton, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts and Francis Joseph Sherman, are revered, analyzed, documented and endlessly debated as if they had ushered in a new age of poetry, as perhaps in Canadian terms they did.

Whatever their merits, they have been elevated to the stature of Keats, Shelley and Byron in a miniature Romantic Revival. All true New Brunswickers, I suspect—especially the scholars—are incurable romantics. May they never be cured.

A cynic might say that this worship of provincial deities is a defense mechanism against the disappointing facts of New Brunswick's economic experience in modern times, a longing backward look over the shoulder, a collective sigh.

Later on I was to meet, out west, an ex-professor from Fredericton who had found it narrow, dull and precious. To me that afternoon in the library was the most pungent and bracing I spent anywhere in Canada.

On a hill of weathered buildings, in the quiet of the scholars' workshop, an ignorant man might properly feel that he had stumbled upon a modest Acropolis and haunt of philosophers, a remote suburb of Athens.

If the scholars are analyzing a small civilization as they might analyze a national power, if their studies are somewhat introverted, nostalgic and microscopic, they have rescued and preserved an important chunk of Canada while most of the same treasure has been lost in other provinces.

I didn't like to break the spell of that entrancing tea party but in the line of a reporter's duty finally brought the conversation down to the practical affairs of these times. Was it true, I asked, that the French stock would soon outnumber the British in New Brunswick?

The professors had all the figures but I forget them and it doesn't matter. A few decimal points in the census one way or the other, a few years more or less, could not alter the end result—a high French birth rate would assure an English-speaking minority not many years from now.

This was accepted as a mathematical fact and apparently caused no dis-

turbance. I was warned, however, not to confuse New Brunswick with Quebec. The history, the culture and the attitudes of the French people in the two provinces were entirely different.

The Acadian culture was separated from the culture of Quebec at the beginning, was exiled and almost extinguished in the Dispersal of 1755. It returned, survived, grew on its own roots and never felt itself part of a single French bloc. It belongs solely to New Brunswick and an Acadian fringe in Nova Scotia.

The professors traced that story for me, with more historical facts than I could remember, but suggested that I check their conclusions for myself by talking to a representative Acadian.

The distinguished figure who received me in his home, and spoke better English than I could ever hope to use, deserves to be heard by the whole nation. His race, he said, had been so shattered by the Dispersal that only in recent years had it begun to grasp the dimensions of its survival and growth. But it had finally made that discovery and the only question was how it would use its power.

**Someday another Laurier!**

Since the English-speaking majority never tried to suppress them after the failure of the Dispersal, the Acadians had no reason to seek revenge. Therefore, racial power would not be abused here as it had often been abused in other provinces.

Besides, New Brunswick did not hold and would not hold any large racial majority in visible time and neither race could coerce the other even if it wanted to.

The first thing to understand, he emphasized, was that Acadian culture had not based itself on "nationalism," as that word is used in Quebec. It was not belligerent because its rights of language, religion and education were not challenged. It felt no need to isolate itself because it was entirely secure. As a consequence, the Acadians had thrown up no intransigent leaders like Papineau, Mercier and Bourassa, or even a Duplessis.

"But," he added, "we shall some day give Canada our Laurier, never fear."

Would that mean a racial coalition with Quebec? No, he replied, the French of New Brunswick would never form a political bloc with the French of Quebec. True enough, many French

people from Quebec had moved into the forest, farm and fishing industries of New Brunswick and formed almost solid communities of their own language, like the town of Edmundston, but they were being absorbed rapidly into the Acadian culture and found no cause here to resent the English-speaking majority.

"Tell Canada," he said in farewell, "that New Brunswick is the little crucible of a great national experiment. Tell it that the experiment is working out better than anywhere else in the world. That's our real contribution to Canada."

As this sounded much too good to be true, I questioned some English-speaking politicians. They, I felt sure, would have different views. I was wrong.

These men confirmed in every detail what the Acadian had told me. The French-speaking New Brunswickers, they said, had attracted little attention. In their labors of mere survival, they had found little time for politics, were poor and generally ill-educated. Now they were learning fast, were insisting that their sons study English to prosper in a dual society and were training a generation of youngsters who would soon make their names in politics.

At the moment any New Brunswick government was simply unable to find enough qualified Acadian leaders to represent the political strength of their people—there are two Acadian ministers in the present cabinet—but this shortage would quickly pass. When it passed, however, politics would not be split on racial lines since any durable government must seek support among both races and could not rely on either alone.

"Duplessis," said a veteran of many elections, "has no power here and has never sought it. He'd better not."

As in other provinces, the racial problem comes to focus in the historic issue of separate French-language and Catholic schools. The government is forbidden by a law eighty years on the statute books to support any denominational school but by a "gentlemen's agreement" New Brunswick has tacitly nullified that law without formally repealing it. The state openly finances Catholic schools conducted in the French language in the French communities.

"What do you expect us to do?" said an English-speaking holder of high office. "Enforce an obsolete law to the



letter, tear down every crucifix in the village public schools when more than half of us are Catholics, push around a French minority who will be a majority tomorrow and plant a time bomb? Just leave us alone. We may turn a few legal corners but we're getting along fine."

Getting along fine! Imagine what would happen in any other English-speaking province if it awakened tomorrow morning to learn that it must soon face a French-speaking majority. Imagine what would happen if Quebec suddenly faced an English-speaking majority. This transformation is under way in New Brunswick without a public ripple. I couldn't help suspecting, however, that the process would prove more difficult in the long run than it looked today.

Premier Hugh John Flemming worked alone in the empty Legislative Buildings that Saturday morning. He seemed to me a man equipped by tranquil temperament to deal with problems that have convulsed many provinces from time to time—a quiet, homespun, friendly person, with plump, boyish face and rumpled hair. His old-fashioned courtliness was impossible to resist.

What a curious successor to the arrogant Loyalist gentry who tried to imitate here the Family Compact of Upper Canada and were certain, even when overwhelmed by democracy, that they had established "the most gentlemanlike government on earth" and the most British society in America!

Though his financial burdens are daunting, Mr. Flemming exudes a steady confidence. The discovery of rich minerals near the North Shore, he says, may well alter New Brunswick's entire prospects. A daring government investment in electrical power on the Upper Saint John River will largely overcome the province's gravest economic shortage. His people, the premier believes, are at last turning the corner into an era of large-scale expansion.

I left Mr. Flemming greatly cheered but still wondering what kind of people the New Brunswickers really were. Guided by Mr. Tweedie, I quickly discovered an interesting piece of evidence.

Across the Saint John, on the Nashua River, we came to the deserted cotton factory of Alexander Gibson. This blond, bearded giant arrived here by wagon in 1862, wearing a beaver hat and swallowtail coat. He had only ten thousand dollars in his pocket and yet managed to build lumber mills, railways, a mansion for himself and the town of Marysville for his workmen (whose debts he once canceled by burning his ledgers in the office stove).

"Boss" Gibson was a strict Methodist and a gambler. He gambled everything he owned and won a fortune. His life, like Beaverbrook's, represents one aspect of the ambivalent New Brunswick nature. The other is represented by the empty cotton factory, a vast and haunted house of brick.

Though the closing of its largest industry failed to halt Fredericton's growth, New Brunswick as a whole lost the gamble of Boss Gibson's heroic age when the original pine forests were cut out and steam replaced sail. No other province ever experienced boom and bust on such a scale. The resulting scars have never been quite healed.

An erudite historian told me: "The gamblers died or moved out west, or maybe to England. Most of the gambling spirit went with them. The rest of us, who stayed here, knew that if we lost any gamble we'd lose our shirts. That's why we're cautious or, you may say, timid. We had to be."

This country was built by nature as a

cradle of contentment. Its gently rolling landscape, fair to the eye, soothing to the spirit, is different from any in Canada—not quite rugged enough to be grand and appalling like the western mountains, not wild enough to be called spectacular, yet friendly to man and wholly feminine.

Why, I asked myself, do Canadians on holiday swarm, mothlike, about the bright lights of American cities when the Maritimes lie within easy reach on a good road and offer not only the sport of woods and beach, but a certain inner quality of peace, an un-

failing therapy for the nervous maladies of these times? Some day, I suppose, Canada will discover its eastern shore and, more important, a people who love it and have never spoiled it.

I saw one sign of the discovery and the sign was not wholly pleasant. Workmen were removing the last of the farmers' dwellings and barns from Gagetown, as I passed by, to prepare a training ground for Canadian troops. A full division can manoeuvre on this open plateau above the river.

Even the lonely Saint John cannot escape the necessities of the atomic age.

I crossed the falls that casually reverse themselves at every tide and reached the city at the river's mouth to make my only wholly unpleasant discovery in the Maritimes.

A daring impostor, it appeared, had written a book about Canada under my name some dozen years ago and described Saint John as ugly, grimy and forlorn. Of course I disclaimed all responsibility for this libel and, with a little effort, even believed my denial.

Any man who cannot see the beauty of Saint John must have no sense of line, contour and composition. He is fit

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Sauce

## "Saint John's genteel poverty lies heavy like the sea fog and makes the old cling for compensation to a gaudy past"

only for Hollywood pin-up girls of mammalian caricature and probably for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Let no such man be trusted.

Saint John, the mate of female Fredericton, is male, muscular and hard. Best of all, it has managed to retain in men's work the natural scheme of a granite coast.

Native stone bursts through the floor of the city to remind the inhabitants of their origins. The buildings and disjointed towers seem to be merely the jagged upthrusts and careless top stories of the continental shelf. Saint John is anchored deep and immovable in the enduring substance of the planet.

Its builders, bringing with them the first principle of English architecture, knew that they might ornament their building but must never build ornament. Their town became an extension of nature's work, with all nature's irregularity, carelessness and solid permanence. Where they could not afford to build in stone, even their wooden houses, leaning together for support like aged men with blind eyes, possess a kind of tragic symmetry, so well captured in the water colors of the native artist, Jack Humphrey.

The Atlantic gales have boomed ceaselessly up this harbor, vainly trying to dislodge in turn the first French fort of Charles de la Tour, the British settlement of Parrtown and the city built by the timber boom. They have washed Saint John's face with salt spray, grooved its cheeks and given it the shrewd, narrow gleam of the seaman's eye. What goes on behind those steady eyes?

A stranger cannot analyze a civic character so old, wise and reticent, but I suspect that Saint John, like Halifax, is split between the nostalgia of the old and the impatient energies of the young.

A city that was once the fourth shipping port of the world, and has seen other ports on both coasts far outstrip its business, must feel a bitter disappointment not easily disguised. The wistfulness of genteel poverty apparent all over English-speaking New Brunswick lies heavily here like the sea fog and makes the old cling for compensation to a gaudy past.

What other bustling Canadian city would keep the old Loyalists' graveyard, a valuable piece of real estate, green and pampered among its business buildings? Who but a Saint John Loyalist would pray for quick death, so that he might be buried in the last available grave, and opportunely die one night in 1853, before the graveyard was closed next morning?

Wistfulness, for all I know, may be only a flavor and no part of Saint John's real contents. The city looks energetic, is soiled, smoked and grimed with labor. Its people no longer expect a boom, cannot hope to compete with such ports as Quebec, Montreal and Vancouver but work with what they have and are steadily increasing in population. The sigh of the old is almost drowned by the shout of the young.

This place is commonly accounted one of the duller in the nation by visitors from more hectic cities that never knew Saint John's misfortunes. Dull and provincial it may be, yet its intellectual life is suddenly quickening. It has produced some excellent painters, sculptors and writers who find their inspiration right here at home and

manage to catch a native beauty long neglected.

A few miles from Saint John, beside a lonely road, two wandering artists from foreign lands have chosen this countryside from among all others as their home and, by their work, have revealed it to native Canadians.

Kjeld Deichmann, a former Danish wood carver and painter, now an ardent Canadian potter, spins his wheel and under his hand rises some exquisite jar as Adam must have risen from clay in Eden. His wife, Erica—a woman of elusive, fragile grace like her handiwork—paints the clay with her own fanciful designs, taken straight out of the forest.

To tell the truth, I was less interested in their art than in their house because it struck me as their ultimate masterpiece. This astounding structure has grown, proliferated and lunched, room by room, into passages, alcoves and stairways so complicated that you almost need a map to travel from the kitchen to the front door. Kjeld built it out of lumber and hand-hewn beams from abandoned farmhouses. Erica has filled it with secondhand furniture, acquired for a dollar or two at some country auction, has scraped the vandals' paint from good English oak or New Brunswick maple and uncovered the craftsmanship of forgotten workmen.

### A Mad Hatter's House

The Deichmanns are truly artists—the ruddy, cheerful man with his aura of white hair, the woman of delicate features and cunning hands. Yes, but more than artists; they are unconscious portents of an awakening province and nation.

Other immigrants have brought us valuable skills from abroad. The Deichmanns have grasped the grandeur of Canada and, in their own way, are giving it a local habitation and a name. Lest they or their guests forget the source of everything, Kjeld has modeled a contour map of New Brunswick in colored concrete on the living room floor.

Late at night, a little drunk not from alcohol but from a stimulant more powerful, I dragged myself from the glorious Mad Hatter's house and drove north into the darkness. A spring moon guided me through the forest, gilded a broad valley of farmland in lumps and chasms of silver, danced on a hundred chattering rivers and brought me safe to Moncton.

They used to call this town simply The Bend. It had nothing to distinguish it but the bore of the Petitcodiac, rushing inland like a minor tidal wave, exactly on the minute, so that you can set your watch by its arrival. Then Moncton became the main railway junction of the Maritimes, then a thriving business city, then a unique Canadian community, half of English and half of French speech, the unofficial capital of the Acadian race.

Nearby three newspapermen discovered, in 1933, the optical illusion of a road where a car will roll straight uphill if you release the brakes. Moncton, with thrifty business instinct, has added the tourist asset of the Magnetic Hill to the Petitcodiac bore.

The important assets of this city, however, are not physical. The community, unlike any in the nation, because it is evenly divided between two races and virtually bilingual, may be

called the inner crucible of the New Brunswick experiment. It is also the headquarters of the Atlantic Provinces' Economic Council and a promising attempt to speed up their joint economy. Moncton should be watched.

The world's largest lobster crop was coming in and hurrying by iced trucks to the United States market as I drove along the Shediac shore. This district is lamentably unlike most of New Brunswick. It looks dilapidated, unpainted and run-down. The Acadians about here are not given to decoration and seem to lack the gardener's instinct of the British stock, but they are friendly and communicative.

A hitchhiking youth turned out to be a cutter of pulpwood from the interior; also, though he evidently did not know it, the heir of a great tradition. He had heard only vague rumors of the old timber drives; he worked with a chain saw, and eagerly detailed his winter's earnings.

What I wanted to hear was his feeling toward his English-speaking neighbors. My question surprised him. He guessed he'd never thought about that. "I work with anybody," he said. "Some English, some French. What's the difference? I want partners that can work fast and then we make good money on contract. French or English, it's all the same to me."

Another Acadian thumbed a ride farther along the North Shore, near the towering paper mills of Bathurst. He was a well-dressed and well-spoken youth of obvious education, hitchhiking home to Campbellton from St. Joseph's University, outside Moncton. There he would be graduated two weeks hence.

Where was he going then? He was going to Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver. The immemorial Maritime export of talent has never ceased. Even a few of the original Acadian New Brunswickers are moving out. But not many.

I reached the Matapedia toward sunset—a shattering spectacle of hill, river and sea—and watched the pulp logs swirl down a wild current to pile up at its mouth in booms ten acres wide. As in Cartier's time, the westerning sun lay like an orange on his Bay of Chaleur. His first landfall of Gaspé loomed dimly to the northward through a blue haze.

Inland a piece I found a hotel on the grassy riverbank and American fishermen assembled with rod, fly, whisky and other necessary tools of their sport for the first day of the salmon season on the adjoining Restigouche.

The waitress in the dining room, a pretty Acadian girl, spoke no word of English. She had not been as far as Saint John, she said in French, or even Moncton. Fredericton lay in the valley of a distant river, in another world which she might never see. That girl and her kind will remain and multiply in New Brunswick. ★

### NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison  
rediscovers

NOVA SCOTIA

## They're selling packaged weather

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

of Abitibi Power and Paper Co. forest from Lake Abitibi west to Kapuskasing, Ont., were drenched with 2.8 inches of rain a few hours after Denison's generators went into action. Some small fires fizzled out and, for the first time in months, rivers rose to normal levels, hydro plants began operating at full capacity and reservoirs started to fill up, giving hope of adequate water storage before freeze-up.

Denison called George Arnold, chief chemist of Spruce Falls Power and Paper Co., at Kapuskasing, one Sunday in September, advising him to alert company forest rangers operating Weather Engineering silver-iodide furnaces. Rain-heavy clouds would be passing over Spruce Falls forests the next morning. "Light your generators at seven o'clock and keep them burning till eleven," he instructed. It started to rain on Monday morning at a quarter to eight. The shower stopped abruptly at half past eleven. Bushlands surrounding the Spruce Falls property didn't get the downpour. The government weather office had forecast no rain for the region until Wednesday.

But coaxing down raindrops is only part of Weather Engineering's service. Denison and Power spend most of their time calculating long-range weather forecasts for businessmen to whom future weather is a serious problem, its effects often measured in lost dollars. Forty Canadian companies today subscribe to their private predictions. Fees range from one hundred to four hundred dollars a month, with higher rates for contracts that involve weather coverage of widely separated regions.

Shawinigan Engineering Co., Ltd., of Montreal, uses Weather Engineering's bulletins to determine which days during the following three months will be scheduled for pouring concrete and building transmission lines. The firm also moves its heavy construction equipment according to Power's "trafficability" studies, which show when bush roads will be frozen hard enough to carry the weight of machines but not impassable because of high snowdrifts. Canadian Import Co., of Montreal, and Liquiflame Fuel Oils Ltd., of Toronto, subscribe to the predictions for planning home fuel-oil deliveries ahead of cold snaps. Price Brothers & Co. Ltd., of Quebec City, applies the forecasts on a year-round basis: in fall for the winter haulage conditions to expect on its timber lots; in winter for details on probable river levels in the spring runoff; and during the warm months for warnings of coming fire-hazard conditions.

Last August a Mount Royal father came to Denison for advice. He was arranging a garden wedding party for his daughter in September, and he wanted to be sure he picked a day on which the affair would not be ruined by rain. Denison consulted his charts and selected a Saturday afternoon. The sky should be clear and sunny that day, he said. It was.

But when a canny Big Four football fan, planning to bet on the underdogs, asked Denison in July which of the coming season's games would be played in the rain, he was turned down. "We can't forecast for an area the size of a football field—not more than two weeks in advance," he was told.

Pepsi-Cola bottlers subscribe to Denison's forecasts for scheduling output to catch thirst-producing weather. Spartan Air Services, of Ottawa, and

Photographic Survey Corp., of Toronto, rely on Weather Engineering cloud predictions to plan aerial-photography flights. Two winter subscribers—a Quebec cough-medicine maker and a Toronto galosh manufacturer—are advised, at least a month ahead, when and where to schedule advertising, so that their sales messages will be most likely to appear when weather conditions create the maximum demand for their products.

The two weather salesmen are conservative in speech and manner—except when they're defending rain mak-

ing or choosing neckties. Denison, president of Weather Engineering, was born in Toronto thirty-four years ago. He is a University of Toronto scholarship graduate in mathematics, physics and meteorology. He spent eleven years in the federal government weather service, for most of that time as a senior forecaster, first at Toronto's Malton Airport and then at Dorval's Airport outside Montreal.

Bernard "Bernie" Power, his thirty-six-year-old partner and Weather Engineering's vice-president, is a veteran of twelve years with the federal weather

office. Born in Moncton and a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, he served most of his civil service hitch calculating trick transatlantic flight forecasts for the RCAF and TCA. Before becoming a rain maker he acted as meteorological adviser to weather-research projects at McGill University.

In spite of the partners' resolve that they are "in business for keeps," they admit that too many blunders could put them out of work overnight. "Sure we make mistakes," Power says. "We're daily trying to outguess the slippery tactics of a cushion of atmos-

A REMINDER FROM TOBY JUGG...

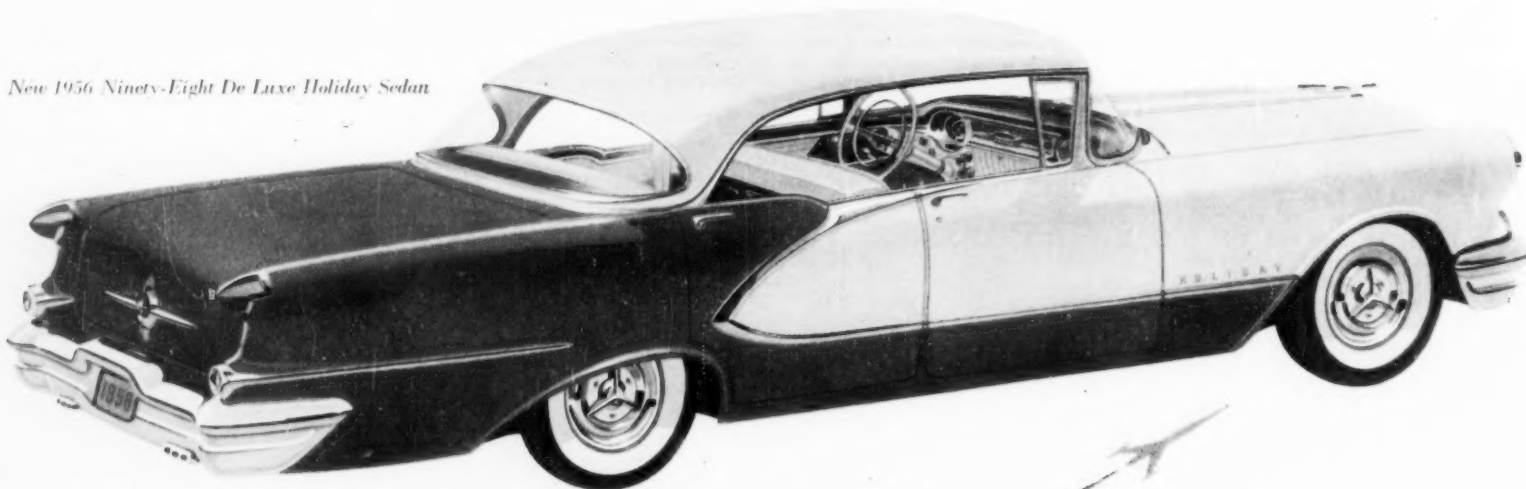
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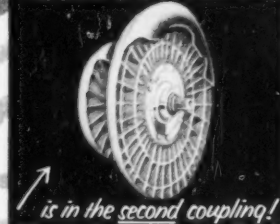
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**OF FLUID . . .**  
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**OF GEARS !**



New 1956 Super 88 Holiday Coupé

pheric gases eight miles high, weighing four hundred million billion tons."

Weather Engineering customers get advance data (maps, graphs or tables) in a form directly applicable to their business. For example, construction firms are told which days in the next three months should be suitable for pouring concrete (predictions based on temperature forecasts), laying bricks (affected by rainfall) and erecting steel (impossible in high winds).

Denison and Power spend at least four hours a day hunched over clusters of colored-pencil notations scribbled on weather maps, analyzing the blizzard of data pouring in over the rented Department of Transport teletypes which link them to North America's four hundred weather observation posts. Weather Engineering, through a special arrangement with the department, receives these reports via the Dorval Airport weather station for a fee of around four hundred dollars a month, plus teletype rental.

The long-range forecasts of Denison and Power are based on the simple proposition that weather, which is the result of rhythmic disturbances in the atmosphere, repeats itself and can be typed in basic patterns. The partners have a stack of fifteen thousand maps, showing Canada's daily weather record since 1899. The three-month predictions they issue combine the historical lessons of this file, with day-to-day atmospheric studies and a dose of intuitive guesswork.

A forecast begins with Power leafing through the weather file for an analogue—a sequence of atmospheric changes paralleling those that resulted in current weather. Because the laws of the atmosphere haven't changed, what happened to a certain area in the thirty, sixty or ninety days following the analogue period provides basic guidance for a new long-range prediction. "But we don't just search our files for a carbon copy of today's weather map," says Power. "We look for identifiable rhythms that proceed from the same causes as the current chain of weather events."

Power brings the analogue up to date by keeping a constant check on four semipermanent atmospheric disturbances associated with predictable weather patterns. Two of these disturbances are clockwise-spinning mounds of air known as the Bermuda High and the East Pacific High, which exert a strong influence on North American storm tracks. (Appropriately, two potent cocktails have been named after these disturbing influences.) The other reference points are valley-like low-pressure areas off Iceland and the Aleutians—breeding grounds for most migratory storms in the Northern Hemisphere.

Forecasts are worked out in weekly cycles because it usually takes seven days for a storm to blast its way across Canada. Vancouver's weather is likely to hit Sault Ste. Marie four days later and southern Quebec on the sixth day.

Weather Engineering's prediction techniques were worked out by Dr. Irving P. Krick, of Denver, Colorado, during World War II when he headed a four-million-dollar forecasting research project sponsored by the U. S. Air Force. A former dean of the California Institute of Technology's department of meteorology, Krick now employs a staff of eighty and grosses a million dollars a year, modifying and forecasting weather for clients on five continents, including New Mexico's Navajo Indians who have used Krick's services as a buffer against the failure of their tourist-attracting rain dances. Krick's first commercial venture was predicting wind and cloud conditions for the burning-of-Atlanta scenes in the filming of *Gone With The Wind*.

To log two hundred and fifty thousand hours of cloud seeding since 1950, Krick has employed the services of a widely scattered and, in some cases, picturesque crew. Teams of monks now tend his generators in Spain's Rio Aldeche basin, and fishermen operate his units on vessels off the parched communal farms of Israel.

On paper, the Krick rain-making method used by Denison and Power bristles with inch-long formulas. Actually, the process is simply a matter of pampering indifferent cloud formations with projectiles of silver iodide released from generators the size of television sets. The units contain a firebrick furnace brought to red heat by battery-operated blowers. The fuel—quarter-inch foundry coke impregnated with silver iodide dissolved in acetone—burns at more than two thousand degrees Fahrenheit, pouring 750 million billion silver iodide crystals into the atmosphere every minute, to be carried aloft on natural updrafts.

#### Nature needs a hand

Fanning these chemical crystals into a moisture-laden cloud is a refinement of nature's own rainfall technique. Rain falls when a cloud's temperature drops below zero Fahrenheit. Raindrop development begins in the cloud's upper strata where water vapor congeals on tiny floating dust and salt particles wafted aloft by wind and evaporation. The droplets develop as ice crystals, growing until they are heavy enough to fall. On reaching warmer levels, they melt to rain or, during the winter, fall as snow.

But, unassisted, nature is only five percent efficient in producing precipitation. According to Denison, a silver iodide injection vastly increases a cloud's fallout because the trillions of injected particles provide a wealth of raindrop-forming particles.

Ninety-three chemical generators were used last summer, most of them manned by forest rangers employed by the pulp-and-paper firms that retained Weather Engineering as a rain maker. Power and Denison co-ordinated the grid of furnaces—which at one point blanketed some thirty-five

thousand square miles of northern Ontario and southeastern Quebec bushland—from their Montreal office by telephone and short-wave radio. One hitch in the system occurred on Aug. 20, just as a good seeding opportunity was shaping up near Lake Abitibi. Denison sent out his light-up signal but one of his operators, a lumber-camp cook, failed to carry out the order. He later explained that he couldn't get near his generator—a bear was pacing hungrily around the gadget, convinced it was a beehive.

Power claims their rain-making procedure means that customers derive up to one hundred dollars worth of benefit from each dollar spent on cloud seeding. But one obstacle to precise measurement is that there is no way of calculating how much rain would have fallen naturally.

"You're stealing my rain," a furious Quebec farmer charged one day last summer. "I just get the empties after you and your gang drain all the water out of the clouds." Power scoffs at such charges. "Cloud seeding does not significantly upset nature's hydrologic cycle," he insists. "The extra rain we precipitate quickly returns to the area through evaporation and the inflow of fresh moist air."

Denison and Power make a point of dissociating themselves from amateurs like the two ex-navy pilots who until recently were hopefully dumping shaved cocktail ice, talcum powder and salt into the clouds over Oregon farms—or the even more colorful Arizona prospector who climbed through the foothills of the Dragoon Mountains, squirting low-lying billows with a fire extinguisher. In South Dakota, one "Nick the Rain Maker" claimed he could soak his customers' crops with a Flit gun containing "water impregnated with genuine volcanic ashes."

In 1937, long before Power and Denison introduced their brand of rain making to Canadian skies, Donald Johnston, a Regina hotel clerk, invented what he called a Unierscope—a set of moving magnets which "draw electrical power from the moon to produce rain." In 1951 Johnston took his fifty-pound box of "lunar energy" to rain-starved southern British Columbia. He returned home sun-tanned and disappointed, blaming a cloudy moon for his failure.

No rain-producing experiment has topped the violence of Maj. R. G. Dryden's experiments during the 1891 drought. The aptly named major released a dozen dynamite-filled balloons into a cloudless sky near Austin, Tex. No rain fell but the explosions set off one of the wildest cattle stampedes in Texan history.

The rain-making method Denison and Power are using is based on an accidental discovery of Dr. Vincent J. Schaefer, a researcher at General Electric's Schenectady, N.Y., laboratory. On July 12, 1946, while studying icing effects, Schaefer lined an ordinary home freezer with black velvet to get a

better view of the clouds he could create by breathing into the low temperature. When he impatiently threw in some dry ice to accelerate the machine's cooling, his breath turned into a miniature snow storm, indicating that, at the proper temperature, clouds can be tricked into disgorging their water content. Bernard Vonnegut, another GE researcher, later found silver iodide more efficient than dry ice for turning clouds into rainfall, mainly because it's easier to disperse over large areas. Silver iodide is ordinarily used in photographic emulsions and costs only twenty dollars a pound.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, winner of the 1932 Nobel Prize for chemistry and director of GE's Schenectady lab, maintains "there are no discernible limits to the eventual uses of cloud seeding. It has all the potentialities of nuclear fission," he says, "with none of its horrors."

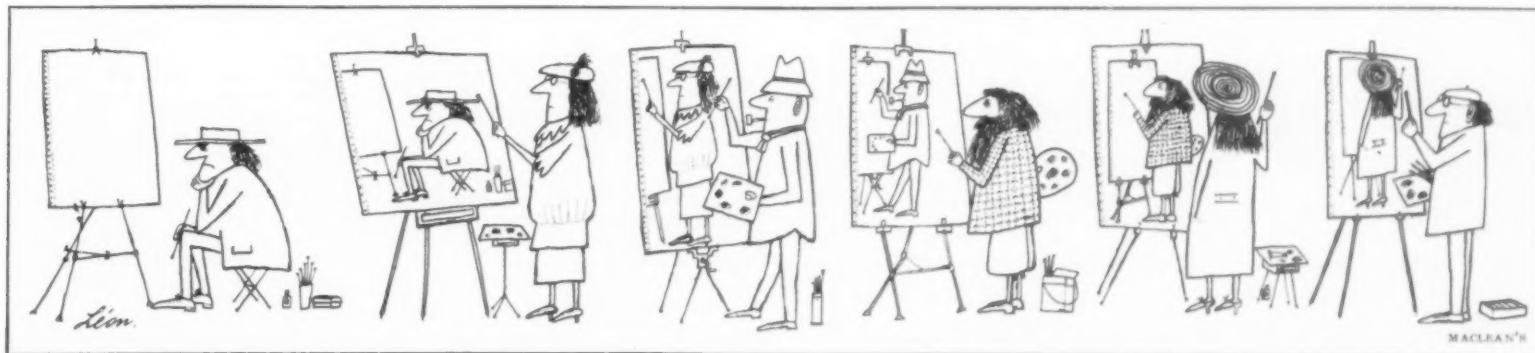
#### Bad weather, exit government?

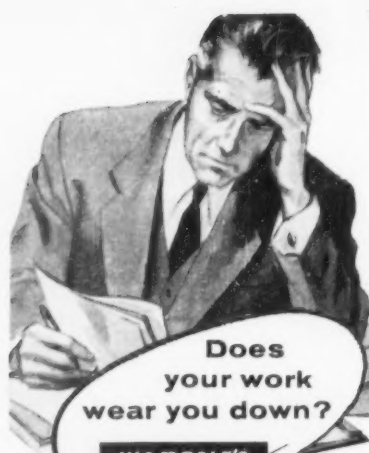
Langmuir's enthusiasm has received impressive backing. Says Dr. Vannevar Bush, dean of U. S. scientists and head of the Carnegie Institute in Washington, "I have become convinced that it is possible under certain conditions to make rain . . . We are on the threshold of an exceedingly important matter . . . No man can tell where such a move will finally end."

Denison goes a step further. "Inability among nations to agree on next year's weather tables may be the most serious barrier to the eventual harnessing of world weather," he predicts. The Toronto Telegram spotted the political implications of such wizardry: "... Control over the weather will have to be a government monopoly . . . The day approaches when a government may be thrown out of office because voters disliked its weather."

Denison and Power today thump for rain making with all the gusto of revival preachers selling salvation, but most government meteorologists privately condemn Weather Engineering's rain-making activities. They say it's not right to accept money for applying such an experimental technology. Denison is impatiently blunt about the academic jeers. His claim: cloud-seeding techniques can only be developed through applied research. That means actual outdoor operation. "We are Canada's first meteorological engineers," he snaps. "Cloud seeding is one of the greatest scientific discoveries in the history of mankind."

In a report on cloud-seeding projects over five million acres around Brandon and Saskatoon, carried out by Irving Krick, of Denver, in the summers of 1953 and 1954, federal government meteorologists placed the odds at thirty-nine to one against the contention that the seeding increased rainfall. Krick accused government statisticians of using improperly selected control stations, which, he claimed, invalidated conclusions. "Scores of





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other reports on longer-term seeding projects have been made," he wrote Transport Minister George C. Marler, whose department is responsible for Canada's meteorological service. "Some have yielded odds as high as two thousand to one in favor of high rainfall increases. No one project is conclusive in itself." It is reported that federal meteorologists have since been forbidden to attack cloud seeding publicly.

Twenty-six countries are today operating some phase of weather modification. UNESCO, the United Nations' scientific agency, which is conducting some of the experiments, has seeded clouds over west Pakistan and raised rainfall by fifty percent over adjoining regions. In spite of the success of many of these experiments, cloud seeding sometimes fails to increase rainfall for reasons not yet known.

While mastery of the immense and restless atmosphere remains barred by many secrets, Weather Engineering Corp. refuses to regard weather as something that cannot be altered. Denison believes he and Power can slice openings through some types of ground fog over airports with silver iodide. By increasing the dosage, he thinks the chemical can prod hail pellets into slushy blobs that won't harm crops, and reduce lightning flashes to impotent fizzles that can't start forest fires. Weather Engineering will test these theories next summer.

Denison foresees the use of weather control in future warfare. He recalls the 1947 prediction of Gen. George C. Kenney, then head of the U. S. Strategic Air Command: "The nation which first learns to exactly control the time and place of precipitation will rule the world." According to Denison, silver iodide could be used to affect adversely the agriculture—and therefore the food supply—of the enemy. Submarines may be able to ground aircraft-carrier planes by emitting storm-forming silver iodide through exhausts of their schnorkel-breathing apparatus. Ground forces might hide from enemy planes in self-made weather. In fact, silver iodide was used as a tactical weapon for the first time by French Army technicians in Indo-China. The rain they made succeeded in bogging down Viet Minh truck convoys—but at the same time they unintentionally benefited rebel rice crops.

Power predicts the rain-making method he and Denison are now using holds the most hope for the eventual disciplining of hurricanes and that the brutal energy of a wild sister of Hurricane Hazel may some day be snuffed out by silver iodide, floating gently out of time-fused plastic balloons.

Hurricanes are formed in the Caribbean and north Atlantic by storm clouds that develop vertically instead of horizontally. By flooding the chemical into these cloud towers just as the mass rises above freezing, it may be possible, Power speculates, to put a lid on the threatening formations so that they break up into harmless rain clouds.

Despite such visions, Denison and Power are today little more than atmospheric dairy hands, able to milk but not create clouds. But the research race toward push-button weather is being speeded up. H. T. Orville, chairman of an advisory committee on weather control set up by President Eisenhower, predicts, "If investigation of weather control receives the public support and funds for research which its importance merits, we may be able eventually to make weather almost to order."

Museums in such a future age may exhibit Denison and Power's silver iodide generators as the crude pioneers in man's struggle to tame the elements. ★

## Nobody can curl like the Campbells

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

rocks and hollering his head off.

"Once I got started I couldn't stay away from the rink," he confesses. He spent hours on the ice every winter. He was there the night Garnet was born twenty-nine years ago.

"Sandy brought the doctor out to the farm," says Bill Armstrong, Avonlea's druggist and mayor. "Then he went back to finish his game!"

As the family grew, Campbell nurtured a daydream.

"It would be kind of nice if we could curl as a family someday," he thought.

He taught the game to Lloyd, now a pleasant mild-mannered man of forty, and Glen, a thirty-eight-year-old RCAF veteran and the least taciturn of the brothers. In time Donald, Gordon and Garnet took it up. They were natural athletes and they took to curling immediately. If the ice was smooth they tossed two battered rocks on a pond near the farm. If it wasn't, they trudged or drove to Avonlea.

"They'd curl on the coldest days, even if no one else turned up at the rink," says Mrs. Dick Bird of Regina, who grew up in Avonlea. "Some people thought they were foolish to spend so much time on a game."

### How old should a skip be?

Not until after World War II did Campbell's family-rink idea materialize. By then Garnet, who started curling in high school around 1941, was showing signs of becoming the finest curler in town. In 1947 Sandy, Lloyd, Glen and Garnet set their sights on a provincial title. They won the Avonlea championship, defeated their sub-district opponents, Hearne and Briercrest; won the southern Saskatchewan title and, finally, took the Saskatchewan championship from Saskatoon, the pick of the north.

Then Sandy, his wife and the boys headed for the Brier playoffs in Saint John, N.B. Southern Saskatchewan was floundering in ten-foot snowdrifts that winter and side roads and branch railway lines were blocked. The Campbells set out for Moose Jaw by car, through fields, around snowdrifts. They shoveled and pushed their way to the highway with the aid of a farmer and team of horses and caught a train.

At Saint John, veteran curlers stared with mingled scorn and disbelief when twenty-year-old Garnet stepped out to skip the Saskatchewan team. A curling team consists of lead, second, third and skip. The skip is top man. Like the baseball pitcher, he gets the glory when the team wins and the blame when it loses. He shoots last, so often his rocks decide the game. He must be able to "read ice"—determine the ice's smoothness which will govern the speed or "weight" necessary for each rock, and detect slight imperfections in the surface that could cause a rock to veer an inch to left or right. While his teammates make their shots the skip stands at the target end of the rink directing them. And here, at the Brier, was a shy skinny Saskatchewan youth telling his father and older brothers how to curl.

But the Campbells saw nothing remarkable in this. They considered Garnet the best curler in the family so gave him the key job. He sometimes discusses difficult shots with them but his decision is final and undisputed.

"Garnet has a touch for curling that the rest of us don't have," explains Glen.

"He's the best ice-reader I've seen," says Ivie "Scotty" Richardson, secretary-treasurer of the Saskatchewan Curling Association. "I'd say Garnet is the best curler in Canada."

Garnet was not yet at his peak in 1947 and the Campbells placed third in the Brier.

"That boy'll be a good curler in maybe fifteen years," said a Saint John spectator, within earshot of Mrs. Campbell.

But it didn't take fifteen years. During the next seven seasons Saskatchewan saw plenty of the Campbells. They played all over the province and practiced religiously. (Garnet still tries to practice at least one hour every winter day.)

All the brothers concentrated on sweeping—they insist it helps to control the speed and direction of a rock by creating a slight vacuum in front of the moving stone and by making the ice slipperier. But sweeping became too tough for Sandy, who is seventy-one, and he dropped out of the rink. However, Gordon, who is now thirty, came home from university with a degree in agricultural engineering, and Don, who is thirty-three and an ex-Mountie, returned to the farm. Lloyd, Glen and Don are married now and live on farms around Pense, thirty miles north of Avonlea. Garnet and Gordon live and farm at home. But the brothers pool their farm labor in the summer and their curling talent in the winter.

Their curling began to pay off handsomely. At home in Avonlea they play on separate rinks to give lesser teams a fair chance, but in bonspiels they curl together. And when the Campbells are together it's hard to beat them out of first prize, which in curling is apt to be quite attractive.

In most bonspiels all the rinks pay an entry fee, part of which is used to pay for prizes—anything from a tea service or coffee table to an automobile. In addition merchants also present trophies and prizes to winning rinks. Thus, in one year, the Campbells won eight automobiles. They sold seven to buy land and donated the eighth car to the Avonlea curling club. The club raffled it off for more than eight thousand dollars, which helped finance the new curling rink. When it came time to build the rink with volunteer labor, the Campbells helped with that too.

Prairie "carspiels" are now dying out but bonspiels still offer other valuable prizes. The Campbells have won twenty-eight medals, twenty-two trophies, six hundred dollars worth of savings bonds, sixteen car blankets, sixteen silver trays, twelve wrist watches, twelve sets of luggage, twelve radios, eight cedar chests, four sets of silverware, four diamond rings, and assorted rocking chairs, sweaters, hats, sports jackets, parkas, desk sets, end tables, bedspreads, mirrors, steam irons, floor polishers, electric mixers, gas stoves and vacuum cleaners. Last November the Campbell rink took home golf clubs and more trophies for winning the Grey Cup bonspiel in Vancouver. The Campbell wives never know when to expect another household appliance—or another tray to polish.

"I can't keep up with my silver polishing," says Grace Campbell, Don's wife.

The brothers themselves are only mildly concerned with prizes. The game comes first with them.

"If you set your heart on a bonspiel prize you probably won't win it," reasons Glen, while Garnet says casually of the diamond ring he won, "I guess it's lying around the house someplace."

But if the Campbells have won a lot in curling, their victories and the

way they play have helped the game's popularity too. Whenever the brothers are on the ice a crowd usually gathers, although they are not hearty mixers. Between games in a bonspiel they like to rest in their hotel rooms. They don't drink or smoke and they sidestep most bonspiel parties.

"They're good healthy boys," says their mother. "I wouldn't live with them if they drank or smoked."

In 1950 the Campbells won another southern Saskatchewan playoff but not until 1954 did they take their second provincial title. That year Don, Glen, Gordon and Garnet played the Glenn Richardson rink of Saskatoon. It was a best-of-three series. Each rink won one game. The third game went into the twelfth end, tied 9-9. Richardson came up for the last shot of the match. Garnet Campbell had just tossed "shot rock"—the rock that was, at that moment, nearest the centre. To win, Richardson had to avoid several guard rocks, nudge Campbell's shot aside and leave his own in a better position. He came so close that the umpire had to measure. The Campbells won the game and the championship by less than an inch. At the Brier, in Edmonton, they lost two games, ending in second place.

Harvesting was late the following autumn and Avonlea had no natural ice until January. But the Campbells squeezed in a few practice games by traveling fifty miles to Regina on Sunday nights. They needed the practice because playoffs began late in January and, as usual, the competition in Saskatchewan was tough. They edged out a southern Saskatchewan win. Again they faced Richardson of Saskatoon in the provincial final and again they fought to the final rock. On the twelfth end with a perfect shot, Garnet rapped two of Richardson's rocks to the back of the target circles to give the Campbells victory.

#### A plow for an escort

On the week end of March 5-6, Regina was suddenly a rip-roaring Brier town. Eleven provincial champions arrived—Ontario sends two each year. Bagpipers met them at the station. A cavalcade of automobiles conducted them to the Hotel Saskatchewan. The city rocked with parties, banquets and speeches. Regina's arena sparkled with five sheets of milk-white ice spotted with red, white and blue circles and red and blue rocks. The walls were hung with red, white and green Saskatchewan jubilee bunting.

On Sunday night snow blocked southern Saskatchewan's side roads. The Avonlea town fathers called for snowplows and the department of highways cleared a trail to the highway Monday for a contingent of Avonlea automobiles. The five hundred Avonlea and district people who couldn't go sent a mammoth good-luck telegram to the Campbells. At three p.m., in the first round of the Brier, the Campbells faced Newfoundland—and won easily.

That evening they whipped Prince Edward Island and the next day they swept past Quebec and New Brunswick. But other rinks, including Manitoba, winner of fourteen Briers, were undefeated too. Outside of making most of the proper shots, the Campbells hadn't done much to attract attention to themselves. They offered no pungent remarks for the press. They offered almost no remarks. Radio commentators got around this difficulty by tape-recording interviews with the brothers, then chopping out the embarrassing silences.

It wasn't that the Campbells were antisocial, nor that they were bashful. It's merely that they take their curling

seriously. As Glen explained recently: "You need rest during a bonspiel, particularly a Brier. You can't be always answering phone calls or answering questions or shaking hands with all the people you'd like to meet. We tried to spend as much time as possible resting quietly in the hotel."

On Wednesday afternoon Saskatchewan trounced Alberta, but that night British Columbia gave them their stiffest contest of the Brier. The west coast team led until the tenth end, when Saskatchewan tied it, 8-8. In the eleventh Garnet won another point by a fraction of an inch. With a 9-8 lead in the twelfth, the Campbells methodically laid a rock inside the house and built a ring of guard rocks around it. The British Columbia skip, Reg Stone, had last rock. He slipped a neat shot through the guard. It was only a few inches short of nudging Campbell's rock and tying the game. As it was, Saskatchewan won, 10-8.

In this, as in other tight games, the Campbells showed no sign of emotion.

"I've watched them often through field glasses," says John Wilson, a CBC producer in Regina. "They never changed expression, no matter how well or how badly the game was going."

Although they didn't show it, the Campbells were tired Wednesday night. It was almost eleven o'clock when the B. C. game ended. Three games were scheduled for Thursday, including one with unbeaten Manitoba. To ensure a full night's rest, Garnet Campbell took a sleeping pill.

The next morning as the brothers drove to the arena Garnet complained, "My head feels funny. That pill hasn't worn off."

They took the ice against Nova Scotia at 9.30. But as Garnet went into his first high backswing he suddenly dropped to one knee, too dizzy to continue.

"We knew the sleeping pill was still bothering him," Glen recalls.

The Campbells held a hasty conference. They could call up Gordon as a substitute but they realized that none of them could skip a game like Garnet.

"We can afford to lose one," Lloyd said.

"No, we can't," argued Glen. "If we lose this, and Manitoba wins all theirs, you know what happens—we have to beat Manitoba tonight to end the Brier in a tie."

Meanwhile, spectators and curlers clustered around.

"Give him coffee," said one.

"Give him a Bromo," said another.

Garnet dislikes coffee but he gulped a steaming cup and went on with the game. He did not run down ice for his shots and he paused in the hack longer than usual before firing each rock. But he led the rink to a 19-8 win over Nova Scotia and, in the afternoon, to a 15-7 win over Ontario. By evening he was clear-headed for the game against Manitoba which was, by then, the only other undefeated rink.

Meanwhile word flashed through Saskatchewan: the Campbells were still winning. Avonlea had declared Thursday a civic holiday. The schools closed, too. About eighty percent of the village population motored to Regina to cheer the Campbells on.

That night 5,521 fans filled every seat and overflowed on to the stairs. More than a thousand others waited outside in snowflurries and near-zero weather, on the off-chance of buying or begging a seat. Earlier in the week they could have bought a Brier season ticket for five dollars. Now one man offered fifteen dollars a seat for this game—but couldn't buy one.

The pride of Saskatchewan stepped on the ice with impassive faces and

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Campbell tartan shirts. Four other games were in progress but were virtually ignored. Manitoba took a one-point lead. Saskatchewan tied it. Saskatchewan took a one-point lead. Manitoba tied it. The score teetered back and forth with never more than three points between the teams. Twice the shot rock had to be measured. The skips deliberated long and carefully over each shot.

Going into the twelfth end the Campbells led, 7-6. Manitoba's skip, Roy Forsyth, called for a guard rock in front of the house, hoping to slip a shot rock behind it. His lead, Donald Reil, expertly laid the guard rock down. Garnet Campbell wordlessly pointed his broom at the Manitoba rock. Lloyd Campbell calmly rapped it out.

It was a steady take-out game from then on until Don Campbell, playing third, took his second shot and removed a Manitoba guard. His own rock did not slide on into the house; instead it remained in front, in effect serving as the guard Roy Forsyth wanted.

#### First a whisper, then a roar

The arena was hushed now. The game had been on almost three hours. The other matches were over and those players, too, were watching this battle of champions.

Forsyth drew a shot into the four-foot circle behind Don Campbell's rock. Garnet Campbell let go an identical shot, removing Forsyth's rock and leaving his own.

"Oooh!" breathed the crowd.

Forsyth coolly fired an even better draw shot that stopped with a bite on the twelve-inch button.

The crowd roared again, then held its breath.

Once more it was down to the last shot—Garnet Campbell's shot. If he failed, Forsyth's rock would tie the score and force an extra end. It was not an easy shot. He must dodge his own first rock, move Forsyth's and stay in scoring position.

His rock whispered down the ice. It curled in with perfect weight and accuracy, tapped Forsyth's shot away and stayed on the button. Beside it, Lloyd and Don calmly raised their brooms to indicate shot rock. Saskatchewan had won, 8-6. Cheering spectators stormed over the boards to thump Garnet's back. Out of his twenty-four shots in that game, twenty-two had been perfect.

The Brier wasn't over yet. The Campbells needed the final win against northern Ontario in the morning to stay ahead of Manitoba. But they took a 3-0 lead in the first end and were never in trouble. When it ended, Sandy Campbell sprang to the ice and embraced his sons.

That afternoon the Regina Army Signals Pipe Band led all the curlers into the arena for the Brier Tankard presentation, to the tune of *The Campbells Are Comin'*.

In Ottawa, Saskatchewan MPs thumped their desks with delight when agriculture minister James G. Gardiner announced the Brier result.

And in Avonlea, a night later, there was a reception in the curling rink. The Brier Tankard was there and so were most of the three hundred and fifteen townspeople. There were speeches, more handshakes, a parade led by the local RCMP constable, and a piper playing, naturally, *The Campbells Are Comin'*. As the Avonlea-Rouleau Beacon noted later, "A thoroughly enjoyable evening was had by everyone."

For, after all, hadn't everyone known that this darn-fool curling would pay off someday for the Campbells? ★

## London letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

modern times, to the year 1953. The BBC had been given a monopoly for television programs just as they had for radio. And, although lacking the stimulus of competition, the programs were pretty good. Radio continued to exist, but obviously it would operate on a declining scale. It was a losing battle of listeners against viewers.

When the Conservatives came back to power in 1951, we soon became aware that within the party there was a ginger group of younger men, some of whom were connected with advertising agencies. They wanted commercial television as an alternative to the state-controlled BBC.

They were clever in their propaganda. "The Conservative Party," they said, "is basically opposed to state monopolies. Consider what would happen if the socialists get in next time. They would control both radio and television through the BBC. Free speech would disappear. We would all be under the rule of a socialist-dominated state monopoly."

So the postmaster-general was given the job of preparing a bill, and in due course the House of Commons debated the measure. If you will forgive the personal reference, I decided to speak against the bill even though it was government policy. My arguments were clear enough to me but they found little support in my own party. Perhaps with more flamboyance than logic, I told the House that I wanted television left in the hands of the BBC so that, because of the very dullness of the programs, people would resume the reading of books and also recover the lost art of conversation. But the government whips were put on and in due course the Independent Television Authority came into being.

But never was an infant born with more evil stars. There was to be no such thing as sponsored programs. In other words, the British would not have a Ford Hour, nor could a toothpaste or deodorant manufacturer choose between Shakespeare or vaudeville. The old English saying, "You pays your money and you takes your choice," was completely reversed.

Then there was another drawback. Commercial TV was given a special wave length, channel 9, but all the existing sets were factory adjusted to receive only the channel operated by the BBC. However, science came to the aid of the adventurer with an attachment that could bring in both channels. The price of the gadget was eight pounds ten shillings, which is a lot of money (about twenty-four dollars).

About that time the independent authority announced its rate for advertising. With a clarity and simplicity that were commendable they said it would be one thousand pounds for one minute—and of course no choice of program.

Thus you might have an hour or more of boxing, which would attract an overwhelmingly masculine audience, followed by a one-minute announcement extolling the virtues of a soap for washing feminine undies, as they are coyly called over here. Or you could have a symphonic orchestral program with a men's sportswear advertisement tacked on.

But it was further decreed that the advertisements would only be allowed to appear at set periods and the total time allowed for each period would be three minutes. The result was that there would normally be three different advertisers offering their wares within

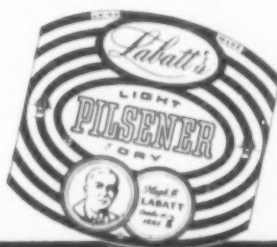


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the available three-minute space.

This then was the setup. First, commercial television could only serve owners of sets who were willing and able to pay eight pounds ten shillings for the switch-over device. Second, the advertiser had no choice in program selection. Third, the allotted time for advertisers' announcements could not be broken up but had to appear at a set and limited period.

Lord Kemsley, as a multiple-newspaper owner, was one of the first to pull out. Other newspaper proprietors who had flirted with the project went cold. And as if that were not enough, the BBC, which had for so long slumbered in the sweet embrace of monopoly, woke up and improved its programs to a remarkable degree.

What is more, the BBC had advanced its performers' scale of pay and took the precaution of signing up nearly all the available television stars. When I tell you that one artist was given a contract at sixty-five hundred pounds a year, you will realize how much the challenge of the commercial system had boosted the price.

### Paid shrieks and blackouts

So at last the opening night arrived for the Independents. One of the programs for the great occasion was a music-hall performance with some famous comedians and dancing stars in the cast. A stooge audience was hired for the purpose of providing laughter. Unfortunately, something went wrong with the cross-talk between two comics who were showing every sign of stage fright. They fluffed their lines but the stooge audience shrieked with laughter according to the drill. It would have made one of the funniest skits of all time if it had been intended to show automatic laughter gone wrong.

Then the mechanics joined in the game. There were blackouts followed by the screen revolving. In short, commercial TV had got off to a very bad start.

However, since it could not get worse it proceeded to get better. But

there was still the problem of the receiving sets not yet provided with the gadgets that bring in the commercial channel. Inevitably the advertisers began to wonder what proportion of the purchasing public they were reaching.

So the advertising agencies took a house-to-house survey. In many cases the viewers questioned could not remember a single commodity that had been advertised the night before—but then you must remember that, unlike Americans and Canadians, we had never experienced opera with soap or drama with detergents.

Then the satirists got to work. If we were to have drama by the grace of advertising, why not introduce it to the Old Vic theatre, which gives us perpetual Shakespeare? For example, when Hamlet sees the ghost of his father, it would be an admirable moment for an announcer on the stage to say that Perkin's Pills would steady his nerves.

It was also suggested that at Covent Garden, when Mimi is dying of consumption in the last act, a pretty girl in a bikini could walk silently across the stage, displaying a big show card bearing the words:

SMITH'S COUGH MIXTURE  
WOULD SAVE HER.

And that is as far as I can take the story. Since commercial television cannot get worse it must surely improve. In fairness, it already shows signs of having learned from its initial blunders. But the problem of converting the sets remains. In other words, we have a mass medium that does not reach the masses.

So this London Letter must be regarded as an interim report. My sincere hope is that commercials will fail and that the BBC will once again have sole rights. Thus people will be driven to reading books and enjoying intelligent conversation as well as going to the theatre where they will see living persons speaking with the human voice as God intended it. ★



## How Valdmanis took Newfoundland to the cleaners

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

bank account and escape detection for almost four years.

His conviction, in June, brought him a four-year sentence, but did not close the case. He was convicted only on one charge. A second charge has never been prosecuted—or dismissed. Some critics of Premier Smallwood have cynically suggested that the charge was left pending to keep the press, on pain of contempt of court, from telling the story in detail. Members of the attorney-general's staff say that they hoped, through the pressure of this second charge, to induce Dr. Valdmanis to reveal what he has done with some \$360,000 that has never been recovered.

Valdmanis, who with continued good behavior will be released in the fall of 1957, gives no indication that he intends to divulge any new information. It is evident that some aspects of the case will never be known and that the second charge against him will be dropped. Behind the grey stone walls of the Newfoundland Penitentiary, Dr. Alfred Valdmanis, still boyishly handsome at forty-seven, remains as enigmatic a figure as ever, a brilliant tragic adventurer whose inordinate desires came near to toppling Canada's most solidly entrenched provincial government.

### A select group of leaders

The affair is rooted deep in Valdmanis' past. He was born in Latvia, then a province of Russia. His father was a high-school principal, a serious man who would not allow his son a toy but who taught him to read and write before his fourth birthday.

When Alfred was seven, in World War I, the Germans overran Latvia and took his father away. War with Russia followed, in which Latvia won her independence. But the people paid in years of fear and famine. Alfred, the eldest of five children, though enfeebled by TB and tension, hustled to help earn the family's food in his after-school hours.

His school work caught the eye of the government. Faced with a shortage of leaders, they picked seven hundred boys, the brightest in the land, for special training. Every term, those who showed flaws, mental or moral, were weeded out. The trainees lived under constant emotional strain. By 1929, only a dozen were left. Alfred Valdmanis was one. He had schooled his emotions as well as his mind. He had mastered the manner expected of a leader.

He won degrees in philosophy, law and economics. He was sent abroad to learn finance from the finest minds of Europe. He sat in the Reichsbank and watched the Nazi financial wizard, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, gear the German economy for war. He studied industries in a dozen European countries and set up similar industries in Latvia. He was the boy wonder of European finance and at twenty-nine, his dress suit studded with decorations, he took over Latvia's Ministry of Finance, Trade and Industry.

In 1940, the Russians marched in. Hundreds of Latvian leaders, including Valdmanis, were thrown in jail. All cabinet members except Valdmanis were shot. Valdmanis somehow survived and in the general confusion was freed the following year when the

Germans drove out the Russians. His youth and the fact that he was the only familiar name remaining made him a hero to his people. He led the Latvian underground until 1943 when the Germans captured him. He was tried in Berlin by the secret police, and, he says, sentenced to death.

Six years afterward, testifying in Ottawa before a Senate committee on immigration, Valdmanis claimed he was spared only because he possesses a Swedish award, Grand Commander of the North Star. It was, he said, "the highest decoration that the Swedish government could give to anybody . . . If I did not live any more my wife and children were under the obligation to return the decoration to the Swedish king. Using this as a pretext, the Swedish ambassador . . . intervened in my affair . . . Hitler was extremely anxious to be on good terms with . . . Sweden so my execution was postponed for a week, then two weeks; and at that time postponement of an execution was almost sure to mean that you saved your life."

It is sad to report, after such a romantic recital, that the North Star is only a second-class order, that the king of Sweden did not know Valdmanis and the Swedish government has no record of intervening for him. No one except Valdmanis knows for sure if his life had really been in danger and, if so, how he was saved. It may have been by his own reputation—for he ended the war in Biebrich-am-Rhein where he was one of the Nazis' senior economists, in charge of planning production in cement, limestone, lime, gypsum and alabaster. All that is certain is that he survived the Russians, impressed the Germans, and won the confidence of the Allies, first on Montgomery's staff, then at Eisenhower's headquarters, and finally as chief planner for the International Refugee Organization in Geneva.

In July 1948, Montreal's Lady Davis Foundation, set up to aid top-level refugees, invited Valdmanis to Canada. Valdmanis, who says he was on the Communist "wanted" list, was glad to come. In Ottawa, he wangled part-time posts advising the government on immigration and trade, and at Carleton College he taught political economy to students awed by the crisp ring of authority in his voice.

But we can only guess what these years had done to the inner man. By the rigid force of his will he had molded his character, like his Latvian industries, on the most approved, the most efficient plan. He had seen the results of his work, both for himself and Latvia, swept away by the war. Sacrifice had been in vain. Virtue was valueless. "If I ever get in a position to make a large amount of money," his wife later reported him as saying, just before their trip to Canada, "I'll make it no matter how I do it."

He had scarcely arrived in Canada when one of his four children was struck by a hit-and-run driver and nearly killed. Another fell ill with tuberculosis. Most of his friends were dead.

His spirits reached their lowest ebb in the spring of 1950. He had tried to promote a gypsum plant for the Nova Scotia government. He had failed, and, back in Ottawa, it rankled. He looked with contempt on what he considered the petty views of his fellow economists in Trade and Commerce. In turn, they thought him a nuisance with his grandiose schemes for Canadian development. He pined for his lost power, prestige and recognition. The personal drama of Alfred Valdmanis, ex-hero, ex-cabinet minister, was ripe for the whirlwind entrance of another man of destiny, Newfoundland's Joey Smallwood, ex-pig farmer, ex-broadcaster, and now the brightest star of

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For your free copy of the 30-page full-colour booklet "Bright and Cheery Recipes", write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.



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## Valdmanis talked casually to the heads of Miag. If the deal went through, he said, he expected a ten-percent commission

Canada's newest political theatre. Smallwood was in something of a predicament. He had promised to cure the chronic poverty of his people by bringing new industry to the island. He had spent a million dollars on a survey of resources but Canadian and U. S. businessmen wouldn't give it more than a glance. Newfoundland had come into Confederation with a cash surplus of forty-three million dollars and Smallwood was willing to gamble the cash and his own political future on some government-sponsored industries. But he couldn't find an economist willing to risk his reputation on such an unorthodox escapade.

In May 1950, Smallwood paid a visit to Trade Minister C. D. Howe. One of Howe's staffers mentioned Valdmanis. "Send him over," Smallwood said.

The Latvian joined the premier for dinner in his suite in the Chateau Laurier. As Smallwood outlined the challenge, he was sizing up his guest, a medium-sized man with an athletic carriage. He was charming, at his ease, deferential yet reserved in a manner that implied strength of character. He had assurance. His small firm mouth shaped his thoughts with incisive clarity. His eyes—the intent eyes of a visionary or a fanatic—kindled as he described how in Latvia he had solved many problems similar to Newfoundland's. Smallwood quickened to the latent power of the man. After dinner he hired him at ten thousand dollars a year.

Valdmanis installed a large desk at the farthest end of the biggest office in St. John's Colonial Building, which houses the provincial legislature. In a province where even the politicians are unpretentious men, he called himself Director-General of Economic Development. Flouting the convention of using green or black letterheads on government stationery, he ordered his resounding title emblazoned in royal purple.

These opening gambits did little to endear him to his civil-service colleagues and the cabinet. It did not seem to help that he could trim them in tennis or bridge and play the piano with style. They were, perhaps, inclined to resent a foreigner anyway, and one whose salary was larger than theirs was particularly suspect. They mistrusted the sincerity of his modest winning manner and noted that his courtliness did not extend to his staff.

But Premier Smallwood saw only a brilliant man who arrived for work every morning sharp at nine o'clock and did not leave until long past the supper hour. Often, Valdmanis would walk into Smallwood's office at midnight and remain until two in the morning. Here, at last, Smallwood felt, was a man who could match his own working pace, zeal and vision.

In remarkably little time, Valdmanis laid on the premier's desk a plan to build three government plants. These would be working models to show skeptical investors what could be done in Newfoundland. The west-coast hills were rich in limestone, gypsum and clay, the raw materials for Portland cement, and Valdmanis had walked on foot along two hundred miles of shoreline to pick a plant site at Humbermouth. The gypsum quarries, he figured, could also supply a plaster mill, and the island's dense birch forest could feed a plywood and furniture factory. Best of all, Valdmanis saw a way in which the scheme could be

managed so Newfoundland would save money and he would be rich.

The cement plant should be the first of the government-built plants—it could supply the cement for future building. There were German firms, Valdmanis said, that would build it, quickly and cheaply. He also knew firms in Europe that might be persuaded to move to Newfoundland. He had many contacts in Europe, he claimed.

They flew to Europe that summer of 1950, the premier, Valdmanis and Attorney-General Leslie Curtis. Curtis had been skeptical of Valdmanis' claims. His attitude changed as they toured factories in Sweden and Germany. These big efficient plants were clearly doing a world-wide business. Their directors, men of large affairs, greeted Valdmanis respectfully. "Why, he knows everybody!" Curtis marveled.

Valdmanis also knew how some of his German friends were thinking. They headed potential war industries. Their output was restricted. If Russia moved into West Germany, as many feared it might, their firms would be taken over. But in Newfoundland, if war came, the risk would be less. Unfortunately, they were banned from taking capital out of Germany.

### A plan to make him rich

Valdmanis worked out a scheme whereby Smallwood would loan Canadian dollars to any companies who wished to emigrate. The loans would match the value of the equipment they landed in Newfoundland. Happily, Smallwood signed contracts that would bring in a leather tannery, a leather-goods factory, a cotton mill and a heavy-machinery plant.

This machinery plant, ostensibly Swiss, in reality was a branch of the huge German firm, Miag. It was Miag that Valdmanis now selected to build his cement plant. In the back of his mind for some time a plan had been forming whereby this deal, a three-million-dollar contract, would make him a wealthy man.

Accompanied by Attorney-General Curtis and the premier, Valdmanis walked into the big Miag board room. In fluent German he greeted the Miag directors. As the only man in the Newfoundland party who understood German, all authority for this deal was vested in him.

He sat down at the board table across from the Miag negotiator. He showed no nervousness; this was his element. A few feet away, Smallwood and Curtis were talking in English with several other Miag directors. The negotiations went smoothly. Hearing his name mentioned, Smallwood looked up and smiled.

Still talking in German, Valdmanis said casually to the Miag directors that if the deal went through there would, of course, be a ten-percent commission. As he spoke he smiled at Smallwood. "How do we pay the money?" a Miag director asked. Valdmanis' reply, as the German recalls it, was:

"You will pay it to me in Newfoundland, in Canadian funds, as you receive the payments on your loan. Mr. Smallwood's name must not come into it, of course." Again the two men exchanged smiles with the premier. "I wouldn't even mention it to him if I were you."

With equal aplomb, a like transaction was carried off in the board room of

Benno Schilde, another big German machinery firm. Valdmanis awarded them a two-and-a-half-million-dollar contract to build a gypsum plant. The commission was to be two hundred thousand dollars.

Miag started construction on Newfoundland's cement plant that fall and their resident engineer, Erich Kirmse, handed Valdmanis \$55,000 in cash. By the time the government-owned building was completed a year later, Miag's assistant sales manager, Heinz-Joachim Wilke, had sent another \$215,000 in U. S. funds to an address Valdmanis had given him in New York. Benno Schilde began their plant and their payments a few months after Miag.

Smallwood was delighted to see his dream taking shape in concrete on the shores of Humbermouth. He was told by engineers that if these plants had been contracted in the usual way to North American firms they would have cost several million dollars more. The premier gave Valdmanis unstinted praise for his planning and bargaining. And when a crown corporation was set up to manage the cement plant, he named it the North Star Cement Company in honor of this genius whose life was said to have been saved by a decoration he wore, Sweden's Order of the North Star.

Equally impressed, a U. S. steel corporation offered Valdmanis fifty thousand dollars a year and a vice-presidency. Smallwood raised Valdmanis' salary to \$25,000 a year, an extraordinary sum in this low-salaried island. The premier, whose own salary was less than \$10,000, countered criticism by vowing that Valdmanis was "worth his weight in gold to Newfoundland."

In September 1951, Smallwood took off again on a month-long sales tour of Europe. "Fishing in troubled waters," he called it. With Valdmanis as guide, he signed contracts for another eight industries. Stopping off on the way home at London's Savoy Hotel, he told British reporters with a wide gamin's grin, "We'll dot Conception Bay with factories . . . People are beginning to catch on. After all, you don't say no to Santa Claus."

This was too much for Mr. Smallwood's Conservative opposition in the Newfoundland legislature. His new factories were doomed to fail, they declared. The birthright of the province had been squandered by Joey Smallwood on a bunch of foreigners. Santa Claus, indeed!

The Liberal premier grasped joyfully at this criticism. His term of office had two and a half years to run. Just about the time he'd be coming up for reelection his new industries would be passing through that embarrassing period when the ledgers are usually balanced in red ink. The criticism was all he needed to call a snap election. "We should go back to the people," he said. "and seek a special mandate to go ahead with . . . this great program of economic development."

The Conservatives, taken off guard, broadened the issue of development to include its \$25,000-a-year director-general. A Conservative MP from St. John's, W. J. Browne, told the House of Commons in Ottawa that Joey had embarked on a mad venture into "national socialism" with the aid of a gentleman—"who in a book written in 1943 by Gregory Meiksins, was called 'the Quisling of Latvia and a Nazi collaborator.'"

In St. John's, it was charged that Valdmanis was "flooding Newfoundland with Nazis." A New York Zionist paper, *The Day*, was quoted. An article headed ALFRED VALDMANIS, LATVIAN NAZI AND MASS MURDERER OF JEWS CARRIES ON HATE PROPAGANDA IN CANADA, claimed that "Valdmanis visited Hitler three times in Berlin . . . and demanded that the Jews in Latvia . . . be liquidated."

"These are terrible things they're saying about you," Smallwood said to Valdmanis. "Are they true?"

Valdmanis denied them vehemently. He was upset. The election had been an unforeseen complication. If Smallwood lost, he, Valdmanis, would not only lose his high-paid job, he would be in no position to collect the money still owed him by Benno Schilde. He had many friends among the Jews in Latvia, he told Smallwood. These charges were typical of Communist attempts to discredit prominent anti-Communist patriots.

The premier telephoned Ottawa. He asked Lester Pearson, external affairs minister, if he would check with the RCMP, who have access to allied secret-service reports, and find out if Valdmanis' accusers were telling the truth. Smallwood says Pearson called back and said that according to RCMP information Valdmanis was clear.

With no more hesitation, the premier sprang into the fray. He branded the attack on Valdmanis as "foul, malicious and utterly false." Valdmanis, he said, had been checked by British Military Intelligence, the RCMP, and twice by U. S. Army Intelligence. The second U. S. investigation, in charge of a Jewish colonel, described Valdmanis as "an extremely self-sacrificing individual." "Some day the people of Newfoundland will raise a monument to him (Valdmanis)," Mr. Smallwood proclaimed. ". . . If I lost him I would not want to be premier."

Whatever Newfoundland citizens might feel about losing Valdmanis, the thought of losing Joey was unbearable. In every district except St. John's, they voted him back to power. Valdmanis was still in scoring position.

Now Smallwood put his Santa Claus bag away and began his big pitch to bring in not merely outside industry but outside capital too. He set up a government company and gave it timber, mineral and water rights over thirty-two thousand square miles of land. Its aim was to get dams, logging camps and mines operating, not with the government's money but by deals with private firms. Valdmanis sold shares in the venture—the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation—to two large investment firms, Harriman Ripley, of New York, and Wood Gundy, of Toronto. This unique partnership of private and public capital held an empire as big as New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Its chairman was the fabulous financier, Sir William Stephenson, who formulated policy from New York. But the real ruler was Dr. Alfred Valdmanis, who, in addition to his government post as development director, was the corporation's president, its executive officer.

Only his lack of personal popularity marred Valdmanis' prospects. He remained aloof, austere, formally polite or icily restrained. Perhaps he did not realize the danger of enemies. Perhaps he was simply unable to give of himself. Behind his back, people called him führer, dictator, czar. Finance Minister Gregory Power, a lean dark saturnine man, did not even attempt to disguise his distrust; more than once he urged Smallwood to get rid of Valdmanis. Once, in Smallwood's absence, the acting premier, Attorney-General Curtis,

seriously thought of firing the economist. But, he concluded, the premier would only re-instate him and he would draw the ire of his chief to no purpose.

Smallwood would brook no criticism of his right-hand man. Like ex-U. S. president Harry Truman, he gave to his friends an unreserved loyalty. By now, he and Valdmanis were intimates, though between them Smallwood kept a certain distance. Valdmanis never addressed him as anything but "Premier," and Smallwood referred to Valdmanis as "Doctor."

In truth, Smallwood had little time or patience save for results and he felt he had only to look around him to see the results Valdmanis had wrought: a dozen new industries paying out wages, bringing in money; a dozen mining companies scouring the hinterland for minerals. Valdmanis, he was sure, was a great man. He gave him absolute authority. In 1952, when a U. S. correspondent asked the premier how his industrial program was shaping up, Joey replied, "Hell, I don't know. Ask Valdmanis!"

Valdmanis was now the industrial

boss of Newfoundland. He seemed to have everything that a man could reasonably ask: a devoted family who lived in a fine house he had bought them in Montreal, an expensive apartment in one of St. John's best residential districts. He also had a fortune in graft secretly tucked away in a New York bank.

Latvians throughout Canada looked up to him, and to keep his influence alive he bought a Latvian-language newspaper published in Toronto. His assistant, A. Gaudins, was a Latvian, as was his secretary, Olga Leikuks, a



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trim and attractive blonde who had idolized Valdmanis from afar as a schoolgirl in Latvia. It was Valdmanis' constant ambition, the great dream of his life, to return to a free Latvia as president.

In the meantime, he had the respect of the German community that was growing in size and influence on the island due to his efforts; when they wanted something they called "the Doctor" who saw that they got it. He had even more power, more latitude of action, than he had had as Latvia's finance minister. People spoke of the "Smallwood-Valdmanis government."

Yet Valdmanis seemed troubled. In 1951 in St. John's he was arrested for drunk driving. He was remanded twice and then the case was dropped. But for such a self-controlled man, who claimed to practice strict moderation, it was an early significant sign of weakness. More and more his temper flashed from behind the façade of self-mastery. He became indiscreet. Once, he parceled up \$25,000 in bills and sent them through the mail to his wife in Montreal, insured for the limit the post office would allow: fifty dollars.

His wife, perhaps, suspected that something was wrong but did not know; she was not his confidant. She was a sweet, gracious, trusting woman who could not believe what was becoming increasingly plain—that Valdmanis had too much money for even a man in his position. His brother, Oswald Valdmanis, who had followed him to Canada and was then working in Montreal, would sometimes ask him, "Alfred, where do you get all the money? We know you make a big salary, but surely it does not buy all these things?"—referring to the style in which Valdmanis lived, the gifts he bought, the expensive car he drove. Valdmanis would mention vague stock-market speculations.

In Smallwood's office, Valdmanis would sometimes raise his hands to his head in a gesture theatrical, yet distraught. "I'm tired, my Premier," he would blurt. "I cannot sleep. I think sometimes I am going mad." He was subject to violent headaches. He used huge amounts of Aspirin. He regularly took sleeping pills. On one occasion he called up his brother and said he was going to shoot himself.

Whatever it was that distracted Valdmanis so desperately, it was slowly destroying his judgment, that superb capacity for clear cold analysis. He made his first grave error early in 1953. Sir William Stephenson, for personal reasons, resigned as the corporation's chairman and Valdmanis accepted an invitation to take his place. He decided also to quit as the government's economic director and to move the corporation's head office from St. John's to Montreal. It seemed a harmless decision but it had two fatal defects: it encouraged Valdmanis to overestimate his importance while weakening the source of this importance—his value to the premier.

Premier Smallwood had been disappointed that Valdmanis had not brought his family to St. John's. Valdmanis explained that one of his children had a spinal condition that needed the constant care of a specialist. Smallwood felt that the explanation was less than the whole truth and, when Valdmanis told him, he himself was quitting St. John's, the premier was vexed and disturbed. Again he could not dispute the reason; Montreal was indeed a logical base for a big-time promoter. But in his heart the premier felt that Valdmanis was deserting him, that having started these new industries he was now running off leaving him, Smallwood, to struggle alone with their problems.

He remembers telling Valdmanis as much one day. "But, my Premier!" protested Valdmanis. "You know I am at your beck and call any hour of the day or night."

"Yes," said Smallwood drily, "on your infrequent visits to Newfoundland."

Others were noting flaws in the paragon too. When it came Valdmanis' turn to pick up a restaurant cheque he would frequently contrive to be in the washroom. Often he would neglect to leave a tip for the waitress and Smallwood would reach across the table surreptitiously and place a couple of coins beside his plate. He found it irritating. The honeymoon of the premier and the economist was over.

Early in February 1954, Smallwood received some visitors, several officials of the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation. The secretary-treasurer, Ronald Turta, drew some papers from his briefcase. He laid them on the desk in front of Smallwood.

The premier picked up the papers. They were expense accounts made out by Alfred Valdmanis and charged to the government-controlled corporation. There were bills receipted by Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel that included costly C.O.D. trinkets from Morgan's and Birks. There was a bill for a high-priced car, brand-new, and two months later, a bill for four new tires. Among the furniture bills for the new Montreal office was one for a five-hundred-dollar antique clock.

Smallwood looked up aghast. "Why, he must have furnished the place like an Indian maharajah!"

### "I want your resignation"

The disclosure roused a mixture of emotions in the premier. He was hurt that Valdmanis had let him down, indignant at his dishonesty, and saddened by the thought of what he must do.

Valdmanis was due in St. John's the following day. As soon as he telephoned, Smallwood said curtly, "Come on over. I want to talk to you." He replaced the phone and asked his secretary to tell Finance Minister Gregory Power to come in right away.

Valdmanis burst into the premier's office exuding purposeful energy. He greeted the two men jauntily, his hand outstretched to the premier. Smallwood affected not to see it. Valdmanis stepped across the room to shake hands with Gregory Power. Power ignored him. Valdmanis' eyes became cautious, alert. "I want your resignation and I want it right away," Smallwood told Valdmanis.

Valdmanis' letter of resignation, dated February 8, 1954, read as follows:

Dear Mr. Smallwood:

Herewith I beg to tender my resignation . . . I fully appreciate the necessity of NALCO's Chairman having his main residence in St. John's; on the other hand, and as mentioned in the Press a long time ago, I must now accept a job which will keep me

very much on the Canadian mainland and in the U.S.A. Consequently, I cannot continue as Chairman of NALCO.

With all my heart I wish to thank you and Newfoundland for these difficult, but proud, years of co-operation while pursuing your policy of economic development. By the same token, pray, forgive me where I failed.

Faithfully yours,

Alfred A. Valdmanis.

Smallwood said nothing to contradict the impression this letter left. The accomplishments of Valdmanis, in the premier's view, verged on the miraculous even yet. And as he announced Valdmanis' letter of resignation, Smallwood could not forbear one final compliment. "Newfoundland," he said, "will not soon again see so remarkable a man as Alfred Valdmanis."

Reporters took Valdmanis' resignation at face value. They noted that in January the doctor had bought a fish-processing plant near St. Andrews, N.B., and had installed his brother Oswald as manager. It was obvious that Dr. Valdmanis was at heart a free enterpriser. But no one seemed really to care. For when this man, whose name was a household word in St. John's, departed on February 10, only two or three people saw him off at the airport. Perhaps, in the circumstances, he did not mind being unobtrusive.

At this point, the end of a perfect swindle, the curtain should have come down. But Valdmanis himself had dictated a different ending. Offstage, another play of events was fast approaching a climax.

It had begun in Germany. Smallwood had admired the plant of Benno Schilde, the firm with whom Valdmanis had made his deal on the gypsum-plant contract. The premier wanted Benno Schilde to open a branch plant in Newfoundland and, in late 1953, Dr. Hubertus Herz, head of the firm, agreed to put up a plant at Bay Roberts if Smallwood would loan him \$150,000.

The loan was made and Valdmanis, to whom Benno Schilde still owed one last "commission" payment of \$20,000, saw that now, while Benno Schilde was flush with Canadian dollars, was the opportune time to collect. When the premier left after Christmas for a holiday in Jamaica, Valdmanis, in Montreal, phoned Herz in Germany. Herz was later to recall his words.

"All hell is breaking loose," Valdmanis said, "Smallwood's pressing me for that twenty thousand. You'd better fly over with it right away."

Herz did fly over, made some discreet enquiries among his Newfoundland employees and among members of the government and finally discovered Valdmanis' deception. Then he said to Smallwood: "Mr. Premier, I think you should know that since 1951 Dr. Alfred Valdmanis has collected two hundred thousand dollars from the firm of Benno Schilde!"

Smallwood stared at him. He could not believe it. Later that night, Herz told him the details and promised to



### Their home is where oil is

On his trip a year ago to do paintings for Maclean's special issue on Alberta and Saskatchewan, Franklin Arbuckle was struck by the way oil riggers' families adjusted to the nomadic search for oil. And near Frobisher in southeast Saskatchewan, in one of the province's most promising fields, the artist couldn't resist the gaudy splashes of a family wash against the cold slate of a winter sky. Even though it was 15 below Arbuckle went to work on sketches for this cover.

## "Find that money!" said Smallwood, and the Mounties began their secret search

put them in writing. It was early morning when Herz left. Smallwood sat in his office alone and faced what he has since called "one of the hardest decisions I shall probably ever be called upon to make." As he afterward said, "I have six brothers and seven sisters, and I never loved one of them as I loved that man."

It was not only a personal blow, he was facing political death. At two a.m. he had made his decision. He telephoned Superintendent D. A. McKinnon, head of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Newfoundland.

"Could you come to my office right away?" he asked McKinnon. "It's urgent."

The superintendent dressed and came at once to Canada House. He found the premier pacing restlessly up and down his office. Smallwood explained that he wanted Valdmanis investigated, and why. He hesitated, then said, "I'd like you to do me a favor."

"Anything in my power," the Mountie said.

"Find that money. For God's sake, find that money! If you don't, not all the water in the ocean can wash me clean. Valdmanis can say he was acting for me. Who would believe that he wasn't?"

"We'll do our best," the Mountie said.

### A political life at stake

The investigation—in St. John's, Montreal, New York and Germany—was conducted with the utmost secrecy. Smallwood and the police were sure that if Valdmanis caught the slightest hint that police were checking his past, he and the money would vanish and with them Smallwood's reputation. Only the premier, Dr. Herz, his Newfoundland-based manager, and Attorney-General Curtis knew that the fate of Newfoundland's government might now be resting upon the skill and caution of the RCMP and their allies, the FBI and the German police.

At five a.m. on the morning of April 24, Smallwood routed Canadian Press reporter Stewart MacLeod out of bed to give him this statement:

The RCMP arrested Dr. Alfred Valdmanis in New Brunswick early today... He is being brought to St. John's by the RCMP to stand trial on charges preferred against him by me that he extorted very large sums of money from various firms with whom he dealt in behalf of the Government of Newfoundland. These sums run into many hundreds of thousands of dollars... My decision to bring about the arrest of Alfred Valdmanis was the most unpleasant duty I have ever had to perform and it will always be for me a matter of intense regret that one with his great talents should have to face such charges.

This statement brought immediate comment from Malcolm Hollett, leader of the Progressive-Conservative opposition party, who said that "the real defendant must undoubtedly be Premier Smallwood and his entire cabinet." In the House of Assembly, the opposition clamored happily for Joey Smallwood's resignation.

Smallwood met the issue squarely. "I, and I alone," he told the legislators, "am responsible for the fact that Dr. Valdmanis lies in jail... When I had (him) arrested I took my political life in my hands..."

Outside the House, Smallwood's nerves showed the strain. "Frankly," he barked at a journalist, "I don't give a tinker's curse what the papers say—the St. John's papers or the mainland papers—it couldn't matter less to me... I certainly have nothing to lose politically over Valdmanis." Mr. Smallwood was not sleeping well. All the money was not yet accounted for.

Valdmanis, in jail, still had a few cards to play. He wept when he told Allan Kent, of the Toronto Telegram, that he felt "a great hopelessness" about his chance to defend himself adequately. His private papers, he claimed, had been seized by police or had "disappeared." He complained that none of his friends had called to see him: "I know why they feel they cannot come," he said with a tired but understanding smile. "Their jobs are important to them and I am the first to recognize it."

He called his arrest a "misunderstanding," and he wept again as he pictured his disillusionment on discovering that the charges against him were laid by Premier Smallwood, "the one man I thought I could trust—my friend that I thought would help me out." He brushed his hands across his eyes and fell silent. Then he looked up with a sad bright smile of apology and said, "You know, when I first came to Newfoundland, the premier told me that I'd do the work and he'd do the talking. I've always tried to keep it that way—but I just don't know where I am now." He waxed ironic: "You know, I've had one election fought over me in Newfoundland. Now I guess I'll have another."

With this half-veiled threat, Valdmanis, though a weary nerve-sick man, had skillfully tried to make himself appear a bewildered henchman taking the rap for a double-crossing boss. Valdmanis still did not believe that his friends in Germany would prosecute and he did not think Smallwood would dare press the charges himself.

In New York, in the meantime, an RCMP sergeant and an FBI man were checking Valdmanis' bank deposits. They found systematic deposits for \$470,000, the amount which Miag and Benno Schilde said they had paid him. Had the doctor simply left this cash in the bank vault, he could still have said he had merely deposited it for the premier. But the thought of losing a possible five-percent interest had been more than Valdmanis could bear. He had invested the money in stock shares. The police found no cash in his safety-deposit box, only a sheaf of slips that recorded his purchases of stock.

The RCMP sergeant, Edgar Murray, is a chartered accountant, one of a trio of specially trained headquarters trouble shooters that includes a criminologist and a lawyer. Painstakingly, Murray tracked down every purchase of stock, verifying the fact that Valdmanis had bought it. He did not recover the shares, which may have been sent out of the country, but he managed to account for all but a few hundred dollars of the entire \$470,000.

But Smallwood was not yet off the hook. Anywhere but St. John's, he felt, Valdmanis' conviction would have been certain. But if he chose trial by jury the chances would be greatly lessened, for St. John's, a Conservative stronghold, was chock-full of Smallwood enemies.

On the day of the hearings, crowds surrounded the old rock-walled court-

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dinner in  
the living room!*



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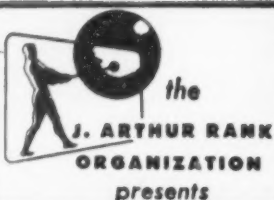
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house for a glimpse of the celebrated doctor. The courtroom was packed with reporters, photographers, movie and television cameramen. Valdmanis was brought in. Before Chief Justice Sir Albert Walsh, he bowed his head and whispered hoarsely, "My plea is guilty, your honor."

Reporters were dumbfounded. Why had he changed his plea? Valdmanis had once more tried for too much. While in custody, he had written to a friend in Germany. He had asked this man to contact the heads of Miag and Benno Schilde. Valdmanis wanted them to say that the money they had paid him—the \$470,000—was a legal commission. The letter was intercepted and came to Attorney-General Curtis who saw at once that Smallwood at last was safe. The letter was, in effect, an admission of guilt. Confronted with this overwhelming piece of evidence, Valdmanis decided to try for a lighter sentence by pleading guilty.

Valdmanis was defended, drolly enough, by the man who had led the election attack upon him, Conservative lawyer Gordon F. Higgins. Higgins asked for clemency on the grounds that Valdmanis had a clean record, a brilliant reputation, and a large family to support. "The guilty plea alone is quite a punishment for a man of his background," he argued.

Chief Justice Sir Albert Walsh thought otherwise. Sternly, he told Valdmanis, "You are sentenced to four years at hard labor in the penitentiary." Valdmanis bowed his head, blinked and swallowed hard. Then two Mounties led him away.

The important thing now was to get back the money. Valdmanis had offered to make restitution as far as he was able. But his assets were disappointing: \$50,000 in stock, a draft for \$10,000, a \$50,000 stake in the fish plant near St. Andrews, about \$110,000 in all. Where was the rest of the money, some \$360,000?

The question has never been answered. Valdmanis tells officials of the attorney-general's office that he paid out the money to buy someone's silence. He will not say who that someone is. He seems willing to co-operate but afraid to say too much.

The Newfoundland authorities are inclined to believe him. Blackmail fits some of the facts. It could produce the desperation that drives a man to over-reach himself for if Valdmanis had been content with just a little less, he would almost certainly never have been exposed.

On the other hand, Valdmanis has proven himself a consummate actor. He could well have concocted the blackmail story to cover the missing money which could now be safely hidden or held in trust. There are people who trust him yet, able men who knew him well, who believe that he stole the money not for himself but for Latvia—that he intended, by playing the stock market, to build up a fortune big enough to finance a counter-revolution in the Communist-held land of his birth.

This belief is partly supported by one detail: even as the RCMP were investigating Valdmanis, he was running an open ad in the New York papers; he wanted to hire a trustworthy man, an ex-banker preferred, to manage a large financial estate.

We have our choice of morals as we have our choice of endings. Valdmanis may be a man ruined by a vain belief that security can be banked in the form of money. Or he may be a patriot whose love of power, masquerading as love of country, has dispossessed all other values to leave him morally bankrupt. In either case, the surface irony cloaks a tragedy significant of our times. ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

the Magistrates Privilege Act. But they didn't arrest him; they just confiscated his property and forcibly removed him to the ferry for Pembroke, Ont.—something they had no shadow of right to do in any circumstances.

To all nine judges of the Supreme Court of Canada these facts seemed as obvious as they do to a layman. The disturbing thing is that no authority in the province of Quebec, from top to bottom, seems to have got the faintest glimmer of them.

The constables themselves believed, as one of them testified later, that meetings of Jehovah's Witnesses are "illegal in Quebec." Asked what gave him this idea, he said he had "read it in the paper." Asked what law was broken, the constable said he didn't know: "That has nothing to do with me."

To the astonishment of the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Bissonnette of the Quebec Court of Queen's Bench seemed to agree with the constables. It was



"notorious," the learned judge said, "that activities of the Witnesses of Jehovah were of a seditious character, particularly because of their indescribable attacks on the Catholic religion . . . Everybody knew that they were banned from Quebec, and nothing had changed toward them."

By what law were the Witnesses "banned from Quebec"? Apparently Mr. Justice Bissonnette didn't feel any law was necessary. Another Witness of Jehovah, one Aimé Boucher, had previously been found guilty of sedition for distributing a pamphlet entitled "Quebec's Burning Hate for God, for Christ, for Liberty." This was not, in fact, among the pamphlets seized by the three constables, but that didn't seem to matter. The Quebec Appeal Court's judgment in the Boucher case was "the formal judicial expression that the action of this group (Jehovah's Witnesses) broke the laws of the country and that its members had to suffer the consequences."

These remarkable statements baffled Mr. Justice Roy Kellock of the Supreme Court; he said he couldn't make out what the trial judge meant by them.

"It can hardly be meant that such a fact, even if proved, would have deprived the appellants of the protection of the courts. Such a suggestion would amount to outlawry."

It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court's historic judgment will have the effect of quashing the sentence imposed upon a religious sect by Quebec provincial authorities. It will also be interesting to see, at the coming session of parliament, whether any new attempts will be made to enact a Bill of Rights for all Canada—and, if so, whether such attempts will attract any new support in the various political parties.

SINCE HE GOT BACK four months ago from Siberia and Red China Hon. James Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries, has been the most fascinating company in Ottawa.

For many weeks after he returned Sinclair wasn't able to get about much, because of the spinal injury he suffered when a catwalk collapsed in a shipyard at Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka. He couldn't walk without great discomfort but he was able and willing to talk. He'd spend his afternoons propped up in bed, entertaining one visitor after another with an endless torrent of anecdote.

Listening to him is even more fun than you'd think from reading the numerous interviews that have been published, or hearing Jimmy Sinclair himself on radio or television. Experiences like his can't be summarized. They do not make a neat package. Anyone, including Sinclair himself, who boils them down to a coherent set of general conclusions has had to boil a lot of the flavor out of them.

Also, Sinclair is almost too conscious of having been a self-invited guest in Siberia. The Russians didn't want him to go, agreed only reluctantly to let him go but, having agreed, they then came through with a lavish friendly hospitality that left Sinclair glowing with gratitude. He is therefore anxious not to say anything that could be misconstrued by his hosts or—still more important—that could cause any trouble for the frank and friendly Russians who traveled with him.

This is a pity, because Sinclair's unedited accounts in private give a more engaging human picture of the Russian people than his more careful statements in public.

He developed a real affection for his traveling companions on the long journey across Siberia, and they come genially to life in his anecdotes. Eddie, the scholarly little interpreter who had never been outside Russia but who knew the English classics backward, had been agog at the prospect of discussing them with an Oxford graduate. He concealed his disappointment manfully when he found Sinclair was an engineer who knew far less about English literature than he did himself. Another interpreter was a woman from Langham, Sask., who had gone to Russia with her mother when her parents separated before World War II. She is now a Russian citizen. She was widowed during the war and is now remarried, with a fifteen-year-old son.

Other interesting faces in Sinclair's portrait gallery are the doctors and nurses who cared for him in the log hospital at Petropavlovsk, the numerous mayors and county clerks and similar dignitaries who greeted them at each stop in the long trip, and the several dozen people who called on him at his request while he was in the hospital.

From what all these people told him, and from many small incidents of his own experience before and after his accident, Sinclair builds up a picture of Russia at once grimmer and more admirable than the conventional friendly version. In spite of the industrial progress to which every visitor testifies, the Soviet Union is also in many respects a backward and primitive country. But what won Jimmy Sinclair's heart, and the heart of those who listen to his stories, is the almost heroic good cheer and patience with which the Russians bear their hard lot. They are convinced, and pathetically delighted, that even if life is not easy for them, it will be vastly easier for their children, and for that they are willing to endure whatever has to be endured. Sinclair thinks and hopes they may be right. ★

# Mailbag

How sick are the giveaway shows?

I was grateful to see your editorial on the giveaway shows (The Insidious Sickness of the Giveaway Show, Nov. 12). The sickness underlying such programs is terrifying. It is ironic that in the same issue you had an article on relief for mental patients (The New Wonder Drugs that Fight Insanity). We obviously want miracles, either in terms of easy money or relief from illness, but what we obviously need is a cure more profound than any miracle will provide. But since social and self-analyses were never much fun, the bread and circuses are likely to continue.—Phyllis Webb, Montreal.

• . . . I am flabbergasted at the colossal crust shown in the editorial . . . Anyone who doesn't like a TV



program, be it piped into Canada or tuned in from some U. S. city, doesn't have to listen to it. Just what business is it of yours to say what type of program shall or shall not be put on TV; or what types of questions shall be put to contestants of quiz programs?—J. P. Neil, Palo Alto, Calif.

• Oh boy, that editorial! Keep it up I feel you're on my side.—Bernard H. Knight, Port Lambton, Ont.

• . . . I don't think giveaway shows are an affront to anyone's intelligence. They are not questioning professors who you might think would know the answers, but just plain people with exceptional memories and knowledge. It pleases me to know that such people know so much.—Dr. H. E. Thompson, Dubuque, Iowa.

## The métis who drowned

The opening lines of St. Boniface Is Nobody's Suburb (Nov. 12) state: "There was a time in St. Boniface when a métis who got into a fight in a Winnipeg tavern ran to the Red River and tried to swim to safety on the other side, his home side, and drowned."

This man (my grandfather, Elzear Goulet) drowned (Sept. 13, 1870) because he was stoned to death, from the shore, by two members of the Ontario Rifles who, inferentially, were of a breed far above the people described by your writer as "uneducated, undisciplined, roistering when drunk, and many decades removed from any but the most elementary moral influences." The two men were never brought to trial . . . —Denys Goulet, Ottawa.

## How to Tell an Adopted Child

I very much enjoyed June Callwood's article on the Cooneys and their seven adopted children (Nov. 12). I didn't know people like that were still around. They surely have a wonderful outlook of life. I especially enjoyed that part where Lillian Cooney tells the children how they came to live with them. I have often told our three-year-old girl somewhat the same story. She loves it.—Mrs. M. J. McGowan, Barrie, Ont.

## God's other fleet

You are certainly digging up some interesting Canadiana. The article on the Anglican mission boats (God's Little Fleet, Nov. 12) was most colorful. On the west coast the United Church, as well as the Anglican, has a mission fleet . . . About one hundred years ago, an intrepid young preacher, Rev. Thomas Crosby, began work among B. C. Indians. In a few years he went to a new Methodist mission in sight of the mountains of Alaska. After ten years there he came east and told such a wonderful story of his work that the church raised money to build him a boat . . . The Indians called her, and others too, the "Come to Jesus" boat . . . At present there are several United Church boats on the west coast . . . The William Henry Pierce is a hospital boat named after another faithful missionary of pioneer days, and serves mission hospitals at Bella Bella and Rivers Inlet. Besides visiting the many Indian villages, these boats serve logging camps, fishing camps, canneries, lighthouses, float houses, trappers and homes of many isolated families.—Margaret Pritchard, Toronto.

## A chance for Rawhide's fans

In the article, Why Rawhide went back to the Maritimes (Nov. 26), Max Ferguson tells us that he now lives in



a zoological garden established by Andrew Downs. At last—for a chap who makes the sounds that he does on radio—he has found a fitting abode. This also presents an opportunity for his fans to restock the place for him . . . This article should show Maritimers what they've been missing. Instead of listening to Max's corn we should be reveling in the outdoor variety . . . —George Spencer, Armadale, N.S. ★

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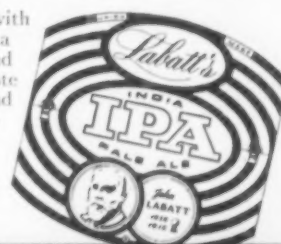
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**W**ITH the cops cracking down on careless driving all over the map you can imagine the guilty horror of the man in Moncton, N.B., who absently drove through a stop sign, then heard the shrill blast of a whistle. He jammed the brakes on so hard he stalled the car, and in the dead silence that followed he

the slip-cover section a few days later she discovered her former property offered on the bargain counter for fifteen dollars. Bought the set, of course, later explaining to her mystified and somewhat horrified husband, "Well, they weren't *that* shrunk."

...



discovered the blast meant a penalty for a hockey player in the game he'd been listening to on his car radio.

...

As peculiarly Canadian a predicament as we ever hope to hear of has in its clutches as amiable a telephone lineman as we ever hope to meet. He was busy checking long-distance circuits in a little hut by the side of the Montreal-Quebec City highway when we stopped to ask directions and got to chatting. He told us there were four other technicians working with him, at various points along the long-distance cable, and as they sorted circuits they kept one open for their own exchange of data and shop talk. Two of them spoke only English, two spoke only French, and the two pairs found they could talk away at the same time in two languages without the slightest difficulty, just as if they were on different wave lengths. "But I can't understand a darn thing when they all get going, cause I'm bilingual," exclaimed our man with a bilingual shrug.

...

Toronto department stores rival each other so in proving the customer is always right that Toronto shoppers are just plain spoiled. We know of one homemaker who had a set of slip covers made to order—paid a good price for them and they were guaranteed not to shrink. But they did shrink the first time she had them cleaned, and even though this was several years later, back she went to the store to demand a refund. Got it, of course; then passing through

There's an RCAF man in Ottawa with an inventive turn of mind who's always coming up with some new gadget to delight and disturb family and friends. Designing a halo for his little daughter's Sunday school costume so it would glow at the proper moment in the play, was to him a simple matter of hitching a flashlight battery and bulb to a circle of lucite. Creating a miniature airport beacon over the door, with a revolving light to guide visitors, was a cinch. But a fellow who recently followed the beacon and was subsequently amused by the halo got a different kind of surprise when he took on his host for a game of scrabble. The first time the visitor dawdled three minutes trying to decide what to play, the darn board suddenly turned a quarter circle to the next player.

...

The farmers in the area around Arbog, Man., are worried about excitable and shortsighted hunters sniping at their cattle when there's an open season on deer. But we've heard of one man whose herd has



gone unscathed for two years now, ever since he erected a warning sign: "Shoot carefully—the life you save may be next year's T-bone."

...

There's a little lad in a small Alberta school who, according to his eavesdropping teacher, each morning sings lustily, "God save our crazy Queen . . ." All we can say is he'd better watch out or he's liable to find himself in the same predicament as the eight-year-old in Sherbrooke, Que., who sadly came home from his first Cub meeting carrying the badge he had so proudly worn to the gathering. "I'm not allowed to wear it till I've been investigated," he pouted.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 7, 1956

